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THE SKETCH, NOVEMBER 10, 1920



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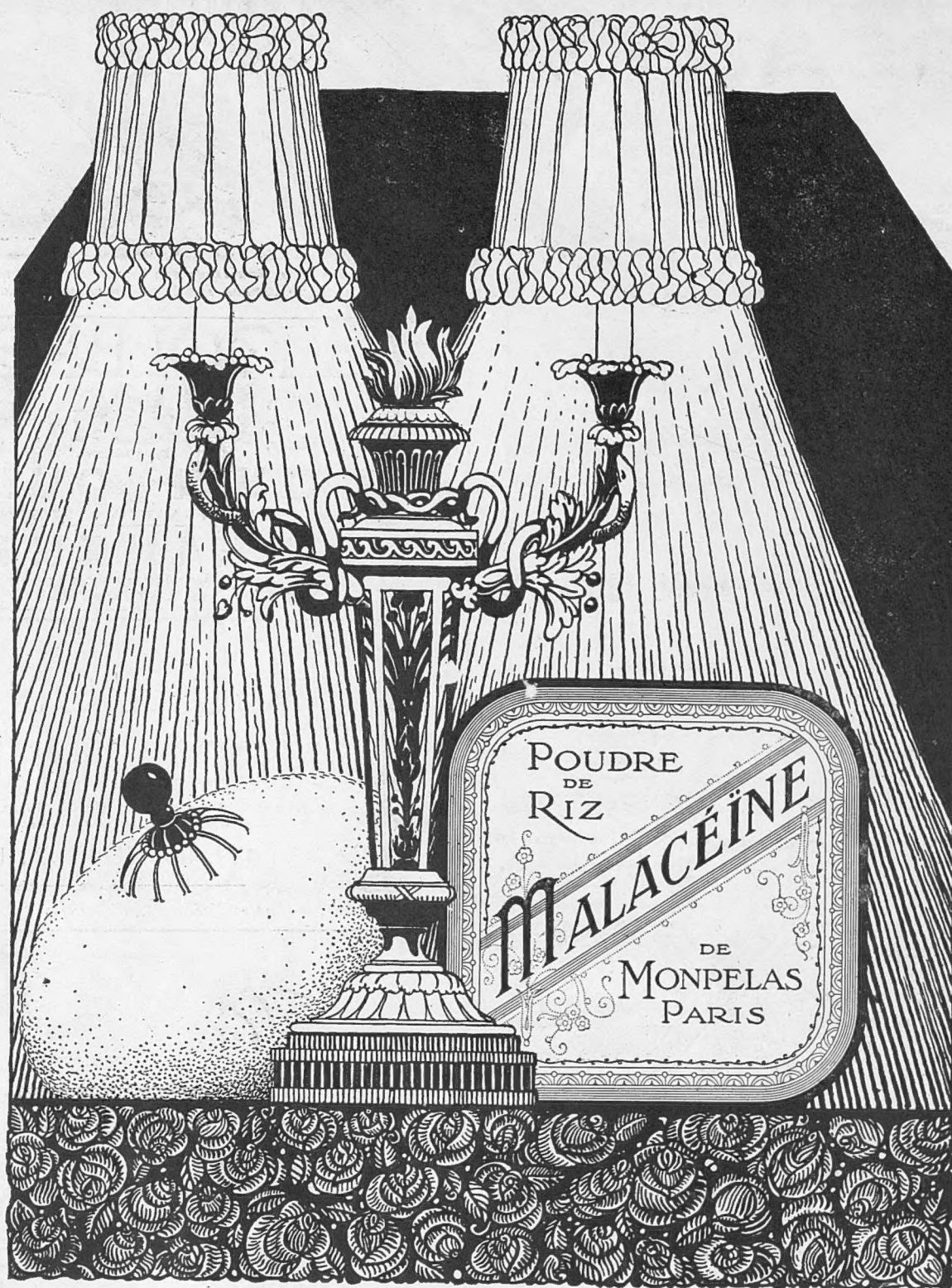
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# THE SKETCH



No. 1450. — Vol. CXII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1920.

ONE SHILLING.



A "COUP D'ŒIL" IN THE PARK.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY L. VALLET.





# Motley Notes



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

**Back to Business.** The coal strike, as I write, is not quite over. The pain has gone—at least, it should have gone—but the swelling has not yet subsided. The busy, optimistic English, however, can dally with trifles no longer. If you need evidence of their unflinching spirit, study with attention and intelligence the following advertisement which caught my eye in a Sunday newspaper:

"Ages 3 to 70 Taught seriously in Latest DANCES Daily."

As I say, we have lost no time in getting back to business. Doris, aged 3, and great-grandpapa, aged 70, who have been kicking their heels in idleness for a fortnight, will once again don coats and capes, and sally forth for serious instruction in the latest dances.

I like to think of Doris, aged 3, and great-grandpapa, aged 70, in the same class, with the same serious teacher, gravely endeavouring to master the same latest dance. It is rather appalling to reflect that they may have missed a dance or two which arrived in England during the strike, for we must never be led to dwell lightly on the social positions of Doris, aged 3, and grandpapa, aged 70.

And herein is another very beautiful thought, my friends. Age is no longer a barrier to sympathy. Doris and grandpapa have the same hobby, the same topic for eager discussion by the fireside.

**Broken Barriers.** Indeed, the barriers of age have disappeared. The War may have done it, or the March of Time may have done it, but they have certainly vanished. Who ventures, nowadays, to use that time-worn phrase, "respect to elders"? Nobody. As a matter of fact, it is something of a disgrace to have turned forty. "Respect to youth" is the fashion of the day, whether we put it bluntly into words or no.

The young people of the new generation, luckily, are more tolerant than the old people of the past generation. Let us accord them credit for that. The past generation was very snubbing to youth. Up to the age of thirty, indeed, one dared not have an opinion of one's own, far less express it. The words "chit," "brat," "youngster," and so forth, were constantly on the lips of the past generation. I have often been made to feel heartily ashamed of the year of my birth. It was clear that I had acted disgracefully in being born twenty years later than my elders.

The new generation are far more broad-minded than that. They are prepared to live and let live. They don't make use of such terms as "hulk," "wreck," or "stump." No. They are secretly disdainful of any age over thirty—thirty was always the boundary-line—but they are not offensive, in so many words, about it. Which is heaping coals of fire on the heads of the past generation.

## The Progress of Culture.

"Carmarthen is full to overflowing with visitors, and for day past the hotels have been bombarded with telegrams from people in all parts of the country asking for accommodation. Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., the accused's leading counsel, will have to content himself with a bed-room, in which a desk has been placed. Persons connected with the case have been forced to book accommodation at Ferryside, seven miles off, and even at Llanelly, over twenty miles away. Motor-car proprietors within a fifty-mile radius have more orders than they can cope with."

And why? What is the cause of all this buzz and chatter and thrill and eager excitement? A man is to be tried for his life on a charge of murdering his wife by poison. That is the great attraction. That is the entertainment for which seats are so eagerly sought. Out of sympathy with the accused? Oh, dear, no. Out of affection for the deceased lady? They never knew her. Out of a scientific interest in the history of criminology, should this case be found to add to it? Certainly not.

Executions are no longer public, and people tell you how loathsome it was that men and women of birth and education—especially women—should pay huge prices to see a man hanged. But the same people, it seems, will travel great distances and pay huge prices to see a man fighting for his life against an awful and a solemn charge!



AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER—SHIP'S I.: PAVLOVA AND HER BALLET.

Anna Pavlova recently reached America, where she is making an extended tour. Our photograph shows her on the deck of the "Adriatic" with her ballet. The names, from the bottom up, read: Mlle. Verina, Fauchaux, Stuart, Leggierova, Bartlett, Saxova, Butsova, Oleneva, and Mme. Anna Pavlova.—[Photograph by Wide World Photos.]

Not having been present at the battle, I shall not, I repeat, join in the controversy. Whether Mr. Arthur Pollen was at the battle, and, if so, in what capacity, I have yet to learn. Anyway, he is in the controversy up to his neck, so he must surely have been in the battle (or possibly the North Sea) up to his neck.

There is one gleam of consolation. Interviewed by a Sunday newspaper, Mr. Arthur Pollen assures us that Lord Jellicoe is not to be court-martialled. That is a great relief. Lord Jellicoe, I take it, will not be court-martialled because he happens to be a great sailor who had much to do with saving the Empire. Mr. Pollen will not be court-martialled, either. That is another great relief.

Don't let's court-martial anybody. Let's thank God for victory, and then set about trying to make a good use of it. Eh?

## The Battle of Jutland.

I have no intention of joining in the fresh controversy—or, rather, a new phase of a very old controversy—about the Battle of Jutland. To tell the plain, honest, downright, and unvarnished truth, I was not there. I knew nothing about it until the publication of the first official dispatch, which threw many people into such a flutter; I did not understand why so much flutter at the time, and I have never yet been enlightened. But that is by the way.



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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE IN THE GREENWOOD CASE.



MRS. MABEL GREENWOOD'S DAUGHTER; DESCRIBED BY THE DEFENCE AS "THE MOST IMPORTANT WITNESS OF ALL":  
MISS IRENE GREENWOOD.



THE DISTRICT NURSE WHO ATTENDED MRS. GREENWOOD AT THE TIME OF HER DEATH:  
MISS ELIZABETH LEWIS JONES.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR, WHO WAS CROSS-EXAMINED ABOUT HIS PRESCRIPTIONS:  
DR. THOMAS ROBERT GRIFFITHS.



THE CARETAKER OF MR. GREENWOOD'S OFFICES:  
MRS. ANNIE GROVES, WHO KNEW THE PRESENT MRS. GREENWOOD WHEN SHE WAS MISS GWLADYS JONES AND CALLED AT MR. GREENWOOD'S OFFICES.



THE PARLOUR-MAID AT RUMSEY HOUSE, WHO WAS CROSS-EXAMINED ABOUT WHAT MRS. GREENWOOD DRANK AT LUNCH ON SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1919: MISS MAGGIE WILLIAMS.



SUPERINTENDENT SAMUEL JONES, THE OFFICER WHO HAD A PASSAGE-OF-ARMS WITH SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL AS TO THE NOTE-BOOK CONTAINING MR. GREENWOOD'S ALLEGED STATEMENT.

The Counsel for the Crown were Sir Edward Marlay Samson, K.C., and Mr. Wilfred Lewis, and for the defence, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., and Mr. Trevor Hunter. The dramatic nature of the evidence made the trial of immense interest. Our photographs show some of the principal characters in the case, which was expected to end on Nov. 8.—[Photographs by S. and G., I. B., L.N.A.]





## More About Mariegold



SO Winston is not publishing his War Memoirs "at the present time."

I do not offer this by way of apology, because neither Mariegold nor I helped to spread the news that the book was on the brink—treading on Margot's crimson heels.

People saw him plunged in the throes of composition for an odd hour or two, and thought he was giving birth to a book. But no.

"A slight beating of carpets sounded in his brain," said Mariegold—naughtily, I thought—and the thing was done—a live review of Mrs. Asquith. A fairly good review. He sets her right about that night when he is supposed to have blundered into No. 10 in high spirits just before the clock hammered out the fatal hour—the beginning of war. His defence is, so to say, that he was not in the room at the time—or, alternatively, that if he was, Mrs. Asquith wasn't. So that's that."

"But more interesting than the review," I said, "is the price Winston got for it. How much do you think, Mariegold?"

"For two columns of guff, and discovering a name for her—a Tribby of Downing Street and Mayfair—why, fifty, I suppose," she answered.

"Not fifty," I informed her; "but five hundred!"

That is the price told me. It is amazing, and all that sort of thing—just as amazing to me as to you; but I am satisfied that it is right—unless, of course, Winston enters two defences: first, that his article didn't appear in the *Daily Mail* at all; and, alternatively, that if it did he didn't write it.

"Mr. and Mrs. Winston, by the way, have been round about town a great deal lately," says Mariegold. "Making that five hundred didn't keep him in of evenings! When they dined the other night at the Laverys' Winston, from what I hear, must have given them,

at present rates, quite a thousand pounds' worth of talk about Margot."

Sir John and Lady Lavery were almost the only interesting people we met at the Private View at Burlington House last Tuesday. No, I lie—as Belloc says. We met Will Rothenstein and his pretty wife. It was the right place to meet him—there among the marvellous Goyas—for he was the first man who wrote about Goya in England.

No, I lie twice over—for just as we entered we saw Mme. Merry del Val crossing the large room. That, too, was just the place to see her. The larger the room the better. She has a regal walk. Mariegold was not sorry that we got there rather late. She liked to be able to see the pictures—the pictures and Lady Lavery.

1. Angela has always bewailed the fact that few opportunities are given for displaying the knees—even by the most modern of dresses. So she has now joined a football club.

"Ideal," she said. "But is it not odd, and fortunate, that when you really don't very much want to see the pictures, at an ordinary Academy summer private view, so many people turn up that you

can't see them; but here, when you are given the chance of your life of seeing great works of art, nobody turns up, and you can?" And we did.

Especially did we look at the El Grecos, not one of which came from an English collection. They are all lent from Spain. And they are



2. Of course, she does not play with women. They are so rough. Men are much more polite. Both sides applaud while Angela kicks the goals in the new Russian Ballet style. The goalkeeper is making an obeisance. He does not do it very well, but may improve in time.

perturbing. They move one like a really splendid piece of tragic acting—the acting one never sees.

"I once had a dream," said Mariegold. "I was listening to a sermon, and one minute the preacher was Dean Inge, and the next he was Hamlet. He spoke with the logic of the one and the wildness of the other. I was converted, of course. But it was queer. El Greco has the same dream-like quality. And I've got the same converted feeling."

We looked in vain for the Duke of Alba and his Duchess, whom we had seen the night before in a restaurant. We wanted to see them again among Spanish Old Masters, and compare them. They are themselves so very Spanish. But they were not there. Probably they had been and gone.

"But here's the Duke's other Duchess," said Mariegold. "Didn't you know he has two in London, and several in Madrid?"

We stood before her and admired—a bold creature with red bands in her hair—or, as the catalogue, "Doña Maria del Pilar de Silva, Alvarez de Toledo, Duchess of Alba," lent by the Duke of Alba and Berwick, by Francisco de Goya y Lucientes." Goya was mad about her.

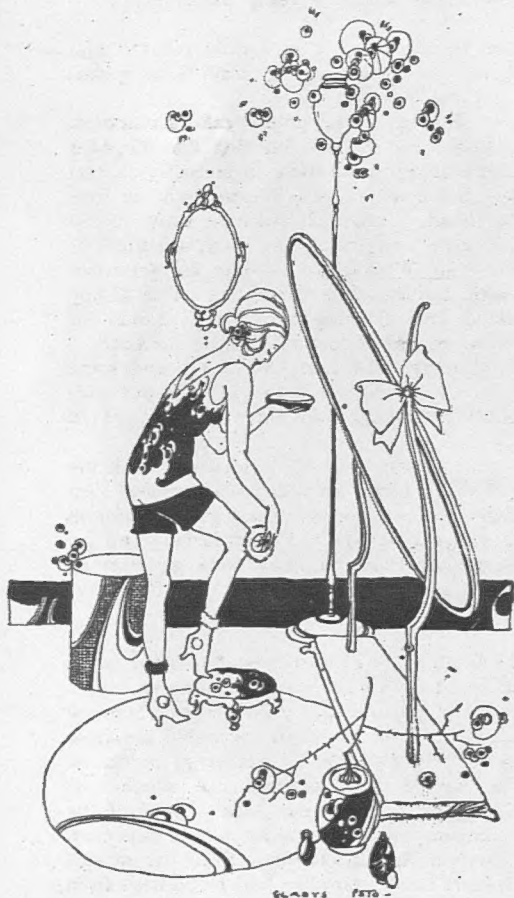
In the same room is another Spanish lady—an arrogant Marchioness—also lent by the Duke of Alba.

"Terrific ladies, aren't they?" said Mariegold. "I'm glad the Duke possesses them only on canvas, and that his own real Duchess is of another sort."

Terrific ladies—some there are, still among us. But it is more comfortable to have them quite flat, framed.

Lady Lavery, in brown furs and velvet, stopped beside us. It was ideal, as Mariegold said, to be able to see the terrific ladies on the walls, with only Lady Lavery in the flesh to remind us that Life can be quite as lovely and interesting as Art.

And in the meantime Sir John was being led round by a friend—a lady friend with just a touch of Goya in the cheeky angle of her





hat. Sir John was, I say, being led round and shown the pictures—rather as if he would not know the points of a Velasquez when he saw one!

Our most interesting encounter this week was with Wells; people are as anxious to get hold of him and be told about Lenin as our ancestors were to get hold of anybody who had actually seen Bonaparte.

Wells is the first Englishman who really got into touch with him. Lenin is a tiny dreamer. His small stature has the same effect on the huge moujiks as Napoleon had on the French Grenadiers. He is more a symbol than a dictator. Thus Mariegold sums up the situation; but how much of it is pure Wells' undefiled, how much Clare Sheridan, and how much Mariegold, I do not care to say—

"Communism is the law, and the operations of middlemen are illegal. In fact, capitalism is a capital offence.

"Food is distributed according to most complicated charts. The higher mathematics have been applied to rationing.

"Wrangel is a gentleman, but it would take him ten years to advance across Russia. Trotsky is the military genius."

Mrs. Sheridan is seeing both Trotsky and Lenin.

"Odd business, for Winston Churchill's pretty cousin to be sculpting in Moscow," said Mariegold. "Wells met her there, and she is writing letters home, besides.

"You can say from me that all the wild tales about her are artistic exaggerations. Here's the more or less official story. She was in Sweden—a favourite haunt of hers from the days when she used to stay with the Crown Princess. She met the Crown Prince, but Sweden wasn't thrilling enough, and she crossed the Russian frontier to see what was happening. When last heard of she was staying with the Vanderlips, who, as you know, carry on American finance in corners of the globe where Britishers are scarce.

"But you know the fate of people who will go chasing after thrills? I hear she finds Moscow duller than Mayfair."

It's not always dull. Last Sunday, as we were walking through Grafton Street to lunch at the Ladies' Athenæum, we were hailed from behind. It was Father Bernard Vaughan.

"I'd know your back elevation anywhere," he said to Mariegold. And the next moment he had left us to greet another cleric—Dr. Campbell, late of the City Temple. Perhaps the two most popular preachers of their time, both bagged in Grafton Street. And so, without church to our credit, we got the proper Sunday feeling.

No need to go hunting far afield for your sport. So says Lord March, whom we encountered in a wheel-chair outside a book-shop

who walks fast, down half of Bond Street, we were unreconciled to the rawness of the world.

We gave up the pursuit of Paula's Portia-looking cloak, and went into Paterson and Obach's, to look at the pictures of Spencer Gore—a young man to whom we had all been greatly devoted, and a great artist. Silver Gore we used to call him, because of his excessive blondness,



4. . . . And duly appear upon the field. Angela says, "How they can play anything so unfeminine as football I really can't think!"

and to distinguish him from Ruddy Gore, a red-haired painter who used to haunt the studios and restaurants in the same Soho epoch.

"But this rawness of the air," says Mariegold, "calls for action. You must get a move on somehow. House-hunting, like Captain Wedgwood Benn, whom I met rushing round with his perfectly charming fiancée (they have settled on a house right in Westminster) or fox-hunting, like the Duchess of Beaufort, who was out for a whole morning in the hills about Castle Combe. Or, say, what about skating?"

And so to-morrow night—this Wednesday as ever is, Armistice Eve—we are confronted with the racking alternative of a Fancy Dress Carnival at the Holland Park Skating Rink, or that Ball for the Abbey. We have, by some excess of fortune, tickets for both.

Mr. Sargent, who hates dancing, and Lady St. Cyres and some others, have sent cheques to the Abbey Ball people, without pretending that they can possibly attend it. We won't do that. We'll dance, I think.

But that did not mean that skating was off. Mariegold took me on Sunday to the Sunday Skating Club, for a brisk afternoon. An excellent institution, although, as I say, brisk. Once get in, and you are doomed to exercise. Perhaps if it was not very largely run by Mr. Bettinson and Mr. Dewhurst, those familiar good geniuses of the National Sporting Club, it might go a little less robustly. But as it is, briskness is the order of the day.

Mr. Balfour proved himself a master of hush-hush the other night at a meeting of the British Institute for International Affairs.

We went to it to hear a secret paper read by Sir Maurice Hankey on Conference Diplomacy. A. J. B. in the chair appealed for close reticence among the members, and the Press, whether in dailies or weeklies, and even in Personal Memoirs—a reference which was greeted with much topical laughter. As a result, not a word of the brilliant and interesting discussion which followed could be reported. Sir Maurice Hankey's divulgations had to be kept from the official world, we presume; Lord Robert Cecil's remarks had to be kept from the Carlton Club; and Sir Rennell Rodd's speech, no doubt, would have upset the gravity of Italy.

So not a word leaked out, though Mr. Balfour became very humorous towards midnight! Lord and Lady Astor are the god-parents of this Institute, for they are entertaining its members on Nov. 23 and Dec. 14. All the Intellectuals, as well as some fossils, seem to belong, so that the secret debate on Russia arranged for next month promises plenty of fun.

"But there you are," said Mariegold; "when Balfour is amusing we mustn't report him!"



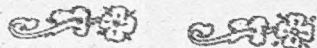
3. But, alas, alas! Aunt Babsie and Kitten discover the new pastime, and trot off and join the club themselves. . . .

near Bond Street. At one time a great follower of hounds, he seemed perfectly content for the time being with book-hunting at about one mile per hour.

There was more than a nip in the air these last days. A nip you can cater for, by walking briskly. But this more than a nip needs more drastic action. Even after we had chased Miss Paula Gellibrand,



## Two Great Families United: Stanley—Stewart.



ARRIVING AT DURHAM CATHEDRAL: THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDON-DERRY, WITH LADY ILCHESTER AND LORD HERBERT VANE-TEMPEST.



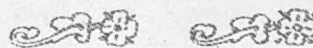
RECEIVING A ROSE-BOWL FROM THE MAYOR OF DURHAM: THE BRIDE WITH HER FATHER, THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY.



A GROUP OF THE BRIDESMAIDS: INCLUDING LADY MARGARET AND LADY HELEN STEWART, THE BRIDE'S YOUNGER SISTERS.



PROTECTED FROM THE CAMERA MEN BY THE VERGER: THE HON. OLIVER STANLEY AND HIS BRIDE, LADY MAUREEN STEWART, LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL.



The marriage of Lady Maureen Stewart, eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, and the Hon. Oliver Stanley, second son of the Earl and Countess of Derby, was solemnised at Durham Cathedral last week. On the bride's arrival at the Deanery before the ceremony, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors of the city of Durham presented her with a rose-bowl. Lady Maureen wore a draped gown

of heavy, soft ivory satin embroidered with a design of silver violets carried out by disabled soldiers and sailors. Lord Londonderry gave his daughter away, and she was followed by eight bridesmaids—Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, the Hon. Agatha Beaumont, Miss Rosemary Stanley, Miss Barbara Stanley, the Hon. Victoria Cadogan, Miss Elizabeth Gathorne-Hardy, and her sisters—Lady Margaret and Lady Helen Stewart.

Photographs by S. and G. and C.N.



## Playwright and Dancer: A Surprise Wedding.



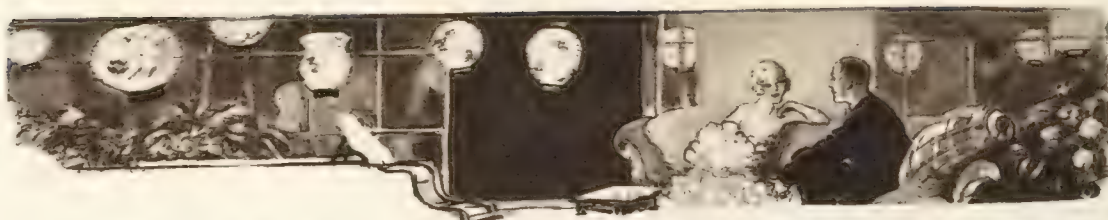
### MARRIED ON OCTOBER 29: MR. HADDON CHAMBERS AND MISS PEPITA BOBADILLA.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Haddon Chambers, the well-known playwright, and Miss Pepita Bobadilla, the charming actress who has been appearing as Suzanne in "The Garden of Allah," took place at Princes Road Registry Office on October 29, and has aroused much interest in dramatic and literary circles. Mr. Haddon Chambers, whose

first play was produced in 1886, is well known as the author of "Captain Swift," "The Tyranny of Tears," "The Idler," "The Saving Grace," and many other successful plays, and part-author of the famous melodrama, "The Fatal Card." "The Saving Grace" was his latest production in London.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.]



# Small Talk



MARGOT, Greenwood, Princes, Arthur Balfour have been the names of the week. Of the literary virtues of the Margot Memoirs I have nothing to say. But what examples in indiscretion folk with special opportunities for seeing and knowing things do seem to be setting us these days, eh? Nasty look-out,



AT A MEET OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTY HUNT AT HEYWOOD: MISS ISABEL POË; LADY POË; AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR WILLIAM HUTCHESON POË, BT., C.B., WHO HUNTS DESPITE THE LOSS OF A LEG.

Our photograph shows Sir William Hutcheson Poë and his wife and daughter at a meet of the Queen's County Hunt at Heywood, Sir William's seat. Lady Poë, who is a daughter of the late Sir William Compton Domville, has one daughter, who is shown in our photograph, and one son. Sir William Poë lost his right leg in the Soudan in 1884, and during this war he served with the Red Cross in France.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

Greenwood when Marshall Hall is there Arthur Balfour book does deserve a word of praise, if only because it's so refreshingly free from the "chatty" anecdotes that authors are simply falling over themselves to provide. One couldn't exactly accuse "A. J. B." of being the hero of many piquant stories; but, anyhow, E. T. Raymond doesn't go out of his way to hunt for gossip—which fact doesn't detract at all from the interest of his latest achievement.

At Westminster. It is some time since two honourable Members at Westminster have challenged each other to combat—whether fisticuffs or pistols is not stated. But now and again tempers do boil over, and then—it seems to be the fashion at St. Stephens—challenges are flung only to be withdrawn. No aspersion on the courage of the gallant Members; but tradition is tradition, and his Majesty's faithful Commons can do no less than abide by it. Still, there was a chuckle when Sir Hamar Greenwood and Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck verged on the fighting line.

Not an Exception. Lord Henry, by the way, is an example (one of many) of a Peer's younger son holding strictly democratic views. In a general way, one

one can't help thinking, for those who have escaped so far; and what's to prevent some intelligent secretary getting busy, like the duster man, on special spicy tit-bits shedding new and interesting light on the doings of the great, who only can afford these luxuries? Nothing of real importance, you know—just a few revelations, say, on a Marchioness's method of eating peas, or a Countess's way with curry. Intimacy seems to be in the air, and one might safely predict a huge sale for any volume of the kind.

## So Brave.

As for our own Prince, he deserves a decoration for having the courage to appear in public at all. The fierce light that beats upon an heir simply won't allow of his turning up a little thing like a coat-cuff without the deed being acclaimed as a new fashion—which, if all one hears is correct, is about the very last ambition with which his Royal Highness can truthfully be credited. No need to say anything about to do the talking; but the

can't help sympathising. What Lord Henry thinks is his affair; but it must be a little hard, mustn't it, to suffer the comparative unimportance that attaches to a younger son when the elder brother succeeds? One hardly expects proposals such as a demand for a forty-four hour week, with proper safeguards for rest and refreshment intervals, from the half-brother of a Duke—in this case the Duke of Portland; and, as an advocate of advanced social reform, Lord Henry's views have more than once made his Tory friends (he is, by the way, Tory M.P. for South Nottingham) sit up, rub their eyes, and doubt their ears.

## True to Tradition.

In breaking away from the views generally held by his class Lord Henry is, in a sense, merely maintaining a family tradition. The Bentinck family, besides having produced politicians of the regulation patrician pattern, have now and again thrown up a man who, judged by conventional Tory aristocratic standards, can only have seemed a freak of nature. Lord Henry certainly comes under this heading. One of his ancestors, a son of the third Duke, was described as "the first man of high rank and station who has publicly professed the ultra-Radical opinions." Democratic tendencies in the highest sense of the word have been exhibited by another member of the Cavendish-Bentinck



AN IRISH POET-PEER AND HIS FAMILY: LORD DUNSANY, WITH LADY DUNSANY AND THE HON. RANDAL PLUNKETT.

Lord Dunsany, who is well known as a playwright, poet, and author, is a Representative Peer for Ireland. Our photograph shows him with Lady Dunsany and their only child, the Hon. Randal Plunkett, at Dunsany Castle, Co. Meath. Lady Dunsany, whose marriage took place in 1904, is a daughter of the seventh Earl of Jersey, and sister of the present Peer.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

house, for the Duchess of Portland's daughter, now Lady Victoria Wemyss, worked during the war in a munition factory as "Miss Cavendish," and only had her incognito destroyed by royal recognition! The King and Queen visited the factory and recognised Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck in "Miss Cavendish."

Being Cleaned Up. The last few years must have seen many additions to the crime-exhibits housed in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard. There are stored the "properties"—pretty grisly, some of them—associated with famous murders and the authors of them, as well as other relics connected with really big and sensational cases. One of the most dramatic is a finger preserved in spirit. The owner, wanted for some crime and making his escape over a wall, was "hung up" by his ring catching a spike in some iron railings. He managed to sever the finger and get away temporarily. But think of the courage and endurance necessary to the performance of such an operation! The Museum, by the way, is being cleaned and painted, though whether the general public will be admitted afterwards is another matter.



AT A MEET OF THE UNITED HUNT, CO. CORK: MISS RUTH ST. JOHN MURPHY; MISS EILY SHARMAN-CRAWFORD; AND MISS W. STUART-FRENCH (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Our snapshot shows three keen sportswomen at a meet of the United Hunt, County Cork, at Buck Leary's Cross Roads. Miss St. John Murphy is a daughter of Mr. Albert St. John Murphy, J.P., of Tivoli House, Cork. Miss Sharmar-Crawford is the only daughter of Mr. A. F. Sharmar-Crawford, J.P., of Lota House, Glanmire; and Miss Stuart-French is a daughter of Captain P. W. G. Stuart-French, of Marino, Queenstown.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.



## Going on Well After Her Accident.



THE WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE GRAFTON: LADY HILLINGDON.

Lady Hillingdon, who met with a serious accident when hunting with the Grafton, of which her husband is Master, is going on well. Her horse reared and fell on her, but she escaped with two fractured ribs; and, though the accident was not as serious as was at first feared, she

will not be able to hunt again for some weeks. Lady Hillingdon, whose marriage took place in 1916, is one of the five beautiful daughters of the late Viscount Chelsea and the Hon. Lady Meux, and the sister of Lady Stanley, the Marchioness of Blandford, and Mrs. de Trafford.

*Photograph by Bertram Park*





## Without Prejudice

THE theatrical horizon is curiously overcast. There is a flicker of operatic summer lightning below the southern and western horizon at the Royal Surrey and the Lyric, Hammersmith, where "The Beggar's Opera" enjoys a surprising vogue—surprising, because one can generally foretell failure for any performance of taste and merit in these dark days of the fifth year of "Chu Chin Chow." Mr. Oscar Asche may have scored what classical persons would describe as a Lustre; but the achievement is one that has added anything but lustre to the British stage.

Above the washy flood of second-rate flippancy and sham Oriental decoration there is hardly a real play keeps its proud head erect. There has been one success of the last few months to which one need not have blushed to take an intelligent foreigner (if such persons exist—nothing that one reads in the newspapers appears to point to the conclusion that they do). And that is—and one will very soon have to say "was"—"The Grain of Mustard-Seed." Mr. Harwood wrote a genuine play. And how long will it be before the Syndicates allow us to look upon its like again? It did not contain a new tune—or even a new slang. But it was a play with real work in it, and its promise is even brighter than its performance. One is relieved to be able to record that Mr. Norman McKinnel is not content to put on the same pigtail three hundred and thirteen nights in the year (yes, if you subtract the Sundays on a small piece of paper you will find that it works out quite all right. . . . There! Perhaps you will take it from me next time).

The Grand Guignol, on which some of us built such towering hopes, goes on its sanguinary little way, and one wishes that Miss Sybil Thorndike would impress on her management the truth of her discovery that "the feeling that humanity is a miserable idiot child that cannot be hushed is so stupid." The appeal of such dramatic *morceaux* as "The Hand of Death" is to the "miserable idiot child" in us, and there seems no real reason why the little brute should be provided with mental pabulum by an intelligent and accomplished company of ladies and gentlemen.

But, of course, there is one real play still surviving above the welter of *demi-mondaine* farce and semi-musical farrago. And that is the Galsworthy. That austere *maestro* has been harder in his time on the vices of the top-dog. "The Silver Box" is a fiercer pamphlet and "Justice" a more ingenious piece of special pleading than "The Skin Game." But on the whole the most recent is the best play of the series—if you omit (as you never can if you have once seen it) "Strife." And the discovery of a first-class emotional actress in Miss Mary Clare justifies the entire venture by itself.

The other play is the Hispano-Barker "Romantic Young Lady," who does great credit to both her gifted parents and marks another stage in the strenuous attempt of one more intelligent entertainment to dam back the racing tide of jazz and gibberish. And they are not fighting their corner at all badly at the moment that it is. At the Lyric, Hammersmith, we have made a raid and captured a few prisoners; and on the remainder of the front our positions are maintained. A notable little victory is Mr. Bridges Adams' Shakespearean score with his Stratford Players in "Henry V." at the Strand Theatre, where a short series of special matinées has grown into a regular afternoon run.

But things are pretty bad, all the same. The Charlot-Cochran-Grossmith-Laurillard-De Courville tentacles are long and supple, and until we can get a little breathing space in the West End theatres drama will have to fight a losing battle with the more strident attractions of musical farce and merely incoherent revue. A pity. Because we can do with a little of each. That Saturday night feeling undoubtedly calls for something with a chorus and a few high kicks in it. But even that is no reason why we should not be able to find a real dramatic entertainment to go to when we feel like it. And that is a thing that takes a deal of finding now. We are not all, Messieurs the Syndicates, twenty-one. And we have not all Dined. Some of us just want to go to the theatre and see a Play. So let us. Please. Sometimes. Won't you?

And there is no real reason why plays should not get themselves written and produced with credit to all concerned. One can understand perfectly well how it is that opera is a trifle coy of public favours. Because the poor dear is so dreadfully expensive. As the unfortunate Sir Thomas found out. And the other gentleman. Not to mention the Patron Goddess of British opera.

It costs pounds and pounds to hire the witches and the crowds, and the Valkyries and the bassoons, and the harps and the triangles, without which no operatic composer can express himself. But any old Ollendorff with pens, ink, and paper, a drawing-room scene, and a few friends should be able to give us a masterpiece of English drama.

So let us hope that they will get at it and turn out a few trifles of home-grown stuff, instead of sponging on the charity of the Continent and putting us off with translations from the Scandinavian. So walk up, the budding Shaws, Barkers, Galsworthys, and Harwoods. The show is waiting to begin, and already the politicians are asking questions about the dumping of foreign goods, so perhaps some member of the August Assembly will weigh in with a query about the importation of Continental Drama and what can be done to Put a Stop to It.



A SURPRISE WEDDING: MISS JOSÉ COLLINS  
AND LORD ROBERT INNES-KER.

The announcement of the surprise wedding of Lord Robert Innes-Ker, younger brother of the Duke of Roxburghe, and Miss José Collins, the musical-comedy favourite, was one of the excitements of last week. The marriage took place on Wednesday, Oct. 27, at St. George's Registry Office, Princes Row, Buckingham Palace Road, and was announced on Nov. 1. Lord Robert, who is thirty-five, served with the Irish Guards during the war. Miss José Collins made a big success in "The Maid of the Mountains," and is equally popular in her present rôle as leading lady in "A Southern Maid." She has stated that she does not intend to leave the stage.—[Photograph by Farrington.]



## Featured Favourites: Stars of the Screen.—XXIX.



ON HER LATEST PURCHASE, LIGHTNIN': IRENE CASTLE  
(MRS. ROBERT TREMAN).



DIVING IN THE SWIMMING-POND AT HER HOME  
ON CAYUGA HEIGHTS: IRENE CASTLE.



JUSTLY FAMOUS FOR HER WATER STUNTS: A REMARKABLE  
PICTURE OF A FANCY DIVE.

Irene Castle, now Mrs. Robert Treman, is one of the most versatile of actresses and film stars. She is fond of horses, and has a fine collection of blood stock at her home on Cayuga Heights, Ithaca, New York; she is justly famous for her swimming and diving prowess; has lately purchased an aeroplane, and takes frequent trips in it; and is, of course, a famous dancer. She is the widow of Vernon Castle, the



A LOVER OF OPEN-AIR LIFE AND ALL THAT GOES  
WITH IT: IRENE CASTLE WITH ONE OF HER PETS.

well-known dancer; and, to quote the words of American law which have been used in connection with her first husband's will, she "... has since intermarried with, and is now the wife of Robert Elias Treman." The late Vernon Castle left all his property to Irene Castle, and in his will paid her a tribute of thanks for the happiness he had enjoyed in her society throughout their wedded life.



# Of Striking Interest: London's Topical Play.



## HARRIS CARICATURES: "THE RIGHT TO STRIKE," AT THE LYRIC.

"The Right to Strike," by Ernest Hutchinson, is a brilliantly constructed play which fearlessly attacks one of the great questions of the day, and deals with the ethics of a "reprisals" strike on the part of doctors as a means of combating direct action by the

railwaymen. This remarkable play of to-day is a drama worth reading as well as seeing, so the announcement that the "Illustrated London News" will publish the full text of the play is of great interest. The first instalment appears in the issue of Nov. 13.



# Lighting Up Time: "Grumps" and the General.



THE AFTER-LUNCH CIGARETTE: "GRUMPS" ENJOYS A SMOKE WITH GENERAL THE HON. EDWARD STUART-WORTLEY, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., ETC.



"I'VE GOT A WHIFF OF SMOKE IN MY EYE!" "GRUMPS" FINDS AL-FRESCO SMOKING TROUBLESOME.

"Grumps," who is General the Hon. Edward Stuart-Wortley's Yorkshire terrier, is a dog with a distinguished record and original tastes, as he saw active service in the trenches in France, and is as fond of a cigarette as is his distinguished master! Our photo-

graphs show "Grumps" and the General enjoying a post-prandial cigarette on the terrace. General the Hon. Edward Stuart-Wortley, who is a distinguished soldier, is the eldest of Lord Wharncliffe's three brothers.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]



## PAINTING A HOUSE TO SAVE A COUPLE OF "PONIES":



PAINTED BY THE OWNER'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS: THE DOWER HOUSE AT HIGHCLIFFE.



DIRECTING OPERATIONS: THE HON. MRS. MRS. GRANT AND MISS



OPENING A TIN OF PAINT: THE HON. MRS. STUART-WORTLEY, C.B.E., AND HER DAUGHTERS.



MIXING THE PAINT: MRS. GRANT

Highcliffe Castle, Christchurch, Hants, is the seat of Major-General the Hon. Edward James Montagu Stuart-Wortley, brother of the Earl of Wharnccliffe; and when Mrs. Stuart-Wortley recently received an estimate for £54 for the re-painting of the Dower House there, she decided to undertake the work with the assistance of her two daughters, and thus save £50—or in slang terms, a couple of "ponies." Our photographs show the three



# A GENERAL'S WIFE AND DAUGHTERS AT WORK.



STUART-WORTLEY WITH HER DAUGHTERS,  
LOUISE STUART-WORTLEY.



NOW LET TO MR. SELFRIDGE: HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE, THE SEAT OF GENERAL THE HON.  
EDWARD STUART-WORTLEY, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., ETC.



AND MISS LOUISE STUART-WORTLEY.



AT WORK ON THE WINDOWS: THE HON. MRS. STUART-WORTLEY, C.B.E.

ladies at work in a real business-like way, and also illustrate the beauty of Highcliffe Castle, which is now let to Mr. Selfridge. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, C.B.E., is the daughter of the late James Alexander Guthrie of Craigie, N.B., and has two daughters—Mrs. Grant and Miss Louise Stuart-Wortley—and one son, who is a Major in the R.A.F.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]



## TALES WITH A STING

## FANTASY OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

By MICHAEL ARLEN, Author of "The London Venture."

## VIII.—THE FACE OF DOLORES.

I, GRAHAM SUMMERS, have been often told that I am not a very serious person, I have been often impeached for frivolity; but always, since first I met her, I have been deathly serious about the face and nature of Dolores. . . . Yes, I know, I know!—that the days of romantic chivalry, those exquisite moments of courtesy which seduced men to their death at the flutter of a woman's kerchief, those days are quite dead. (So cold in their graves, indeed, that now even good manners are looked upon as affectation, and you must be consummately boorish if you would win a maid.) But I—that tiresome, ill-bred, egotistic, but essential "I"—but I am made by this much differently, that should anyone, even now, doubt the beauty of Dolores, or hold up some paltry woman to equal her—why, I could not in honour do less than break a lance for her, and count myself not too ridiculous for so doing. For there is no doubt but that hers is a face that would be called heavenly even in heaven . . .

I met her through my cousin Ralph, to whom she was engaged to be married. It was altogether an uncommon affair. For the engagement was not of the sort that is announced in the *Times*, because Dolores was the daughter of a florist in Upper Grosvenor Street; and the social position of florists, how good soever their address in Mayfair, and how beautiful soever their wares in comparison with stocks and shares and beer, is not, seemingly, of such particular standing that Ralph's people (whose social position was based on the fact that they still lived on their great-grandfather's money, made God knows how) were very elated at his marrying beauty so recklessly. Referring to Dolores, whom she had been induced to meet distantly, his mother once confided to me that "Ralph was quite old enough to know that horticulture was only a hobby, not a life-work." His sister, a displeasing sort of person who could play, all outdoor games too well, agreed with her mother, and was rather unfriendly about it all. His father, whose own hobby was wine of Oporto, said that the girl was damned pretty but ineligible, and that he would cut Ralph off on his marriage with not a penny more than £650 a year.

Ralph and I were not really great friends; we, or rather I, saw life too differently. The best thing I knew about him, curiously enough, was his love for the girl Dolores; "curiously enough" I say, because it was not very long after I had met her that I had wretchedly to admit that I was in love with her myself. . . . Ralph had always been a waster; not an evil-minded one, but just weak and casual, the dupe of every passing moment, taking life with an inane laugh and a toss of the head, as one might take the cherry in a cocktail. And so, being what he was, just such a fop as once brought ruin upon the Court of France, he was a very attractive person; (I had almost said "to women," but that I am afraid of such generalisations, even when they hold some truth, as in this case—else, surely, Helen had not been seduced across a sea by a weakling prince, a paramour so abominable to the eyes of Menelaus that nothing less than the sack of Troy would suffice to show his distaste of his wife's choice.)

Five minutes alone with them was enough to show that Dolores was as much in love with him as he with her. With such as she it couldn't, indeed, be otherwise; there was no compromise in her nature, no other weakness in her but that which, so the ancients said, is forged by a goddess to make men strong in their passion for it; she must love utterly, before she could give utterly. . . . If one were, tiresomely, to ask me to categorise her beauty, I suppose it would best be described as of the kind called "conventional;" since there was nothing in its expression even remotely bizarre or erotic; there was no possibility of Messalina anywhere in the clear grey depths of her eyes. Divinely tall and divinely fair—a fair-haired, silent faëry stepped out from the pæan of a Norseman's Saga, the caress of old-time prophecy over her seriousness. . . . We didn't love Dolores without reason, Ralph and I!

There is no doubt but that it is easier to make love to a friend's wife than to his fiancée. There is, in fact, a conventional difference in the way all right-minded men must look at the two things. It would seem, to me, anyway, uncommonly mean to make love to a girl who was about to marry someone else—but not so mean later, when she was married and, to say crudely, knew what she was about. The best man, after all, can never win until the other man has lost. And the other man cannot be said to have lost if he has simply not competed. . . . The passions are murky solitudes, anyway.

Mine were solitary enough. I used to have to sit by the hour and listen to Ralph as he talked about Dolores, and how he would surely find some work when they were married, for, of course, they couldn't possibly live on £650 a year. And he was going to give up drinking, he vowed.

I would, for a moment, like to moralise on the strange inconsistencies which are born and have their being in passion; how, sometimes, there is suddenly brought out from some animal depth in men a primeval impulse which disposes, in that second, of all the usages of what is called "decency"; and, the opposite of God, if you like, it disposes also of all previous decisions. . . . For after all that talk of marriage, after all that bitter disagreement with his family, Ralph didn't marry her. They went away. They just disappeared one day, that's all! And no one knew whither.

I shall remember all my life the way in which Ralph's mother received the news. She just managed not to smile complacently. . . . Much later, I heard how it had happened; in the way, indeed, that all such things do happen. Ralph had turned up one day, white-faced and miserable, and told Dolores that he couldn't bear it any more; couldn't bear waiting, couldn't bear the atmosphere of family and conspiracy—and so, come, they would go away, now! And she, "passionately loving to be loved," had first withered away with fear, and then, caught up and aflame with his passion, had yielded. . . .

Of course, they couldn't so entirely disappear for long. A month or so later we heard that they were living in a cottage near Carbis Bay in Cornwall. And that address was contained in a short note from Ralph to his mother, asking her to forward any letters. Dolores did not write. . . . I only saw her father once after that; at best stern, ungenial, honest, he was now livid with an anger which was never tempered with resignation. She had been his child, she was not now! "I know nothing more of Dolores," he said, and bent his stern look on the arrangement of a tiara of orchids for his window.

I wrote once to Ralph, but heard nothing from him or her. We did not hear that they were not married—but we knew that we should have heard if they were. One always does. . . . A year of silence, a year in which, for me, Dolores faded from reality and became a vivid dream; always, in my mind, a pathetic figure; which was curious, for there was nothing at all to indicate that she was not very happy with Ralph—"in that kingdom by the sea!" He, who had never moved from London but to race or shoot or fish, and always to drink! During that year I was first moved to philosophy.

One night, about a year later, I was dining with a friend in his sitting-room at The Savoy Hotel. I left him at about midnight, and walked down the labyrinthine corridors towards the lift. If one speculates upon them, the innumerable fast-shut doors of a hotel corridor, the sealed and vacant face of door after door, give one a helpless feeling, as of a loneliness in the midst of a great doubtful solitude. All around you, behind those doors, is life, something; but for you there is only the carpet under your feet. . . .

But, as I saw ahead of me, one among them was ajar, more than a foot ajar; showing the dim light of, obviously, a shaded bed-lamp. As I passed, walking slowly, I glanced into the room. And I stopped there, staring. Through the foot-wide opening I stared at a woman's fair hair; the fair hair of a woman who was sitting in an armchair facing the door, her head bent down, and two hands covering her face. I could see nothing else of the room, the bed was hid on the other side of the door. I stood on the threshold, staring at the fair hair, at that reckless figure of grief.

"Dolores!" I said softly.

Slowly she raised her face and looked at me. There was no surprise in her eyes, nor tears, I saw thankfully. The large, serious eyes looked at me so steadily, so silently, it was as though she was seeing a dream. She said not one word, but her eyes left my face and looked away into the room, to the part of the room which I could not see because of the door. I pushed it open and followed her eyes. On the bed, at full length, in his clothes, lay Ralph. A stretched, immobile figure. . . .

"He's not dead!" I cried, startled.

The large eyes met mine again.

"Dead drunk," she said, with bitter, unrestrained contempt.

We left him there, insensible. Dolores is the name of my wife.

THE END.





**AUTUMN.**

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. HARDY.

(Original in the Possession of the Galerie Lutetia, 51, Boulevard Raspail, Paris.)



## WHAT WE SHALL SEE AFTER "CHU CHIN CHOW"



"MORE PLEASURE . . . THAN THE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE AND SHERIDAN, OF

"Mecca," Mr. Oscar Asche's spectacular play, has proved a tremendous success in America, and has been definitely promised as the "next thing" to "Chu Chin Chow," whose years really are numbered now! "Mecca" was produced at the New, now the Century, Theatre, in New York, by Mr. Morris Gest, and is costumed by Percy Anderson; has beautiful scenery by Joseph and Phil Harker; and is embellished with Michael Fokine ballets, which include an Egyptian Bacchanale of daringly original design. The New Theatre was originally intended to be

*Photograph by White*



# OSCAR ASCHE'S "MECCA"—THE FOKINE BAILLET.



## PINERO AND GALSWORTHY AND MAETERLINCK": THE SPECTACLE AT THE CENTURY.

a Temple of the Drama proper; but its fate has proved to be that of a successful spectacular playhouse. This failure to live up to its idealistic destiny is ingeniously commented upon by one of the U.S.A. journals in the words: "It is beyond question that plays of the order of 'Chu Chin Chow' and 'Aphrodite,' and 'Mecca' have given more pleasure to a larger public than the productions of Shakespeare and Sheridan, of Pinero and Galsworthy and Maeterlinck, for which the theatre was erected." There is nothing like facing facts, is there?





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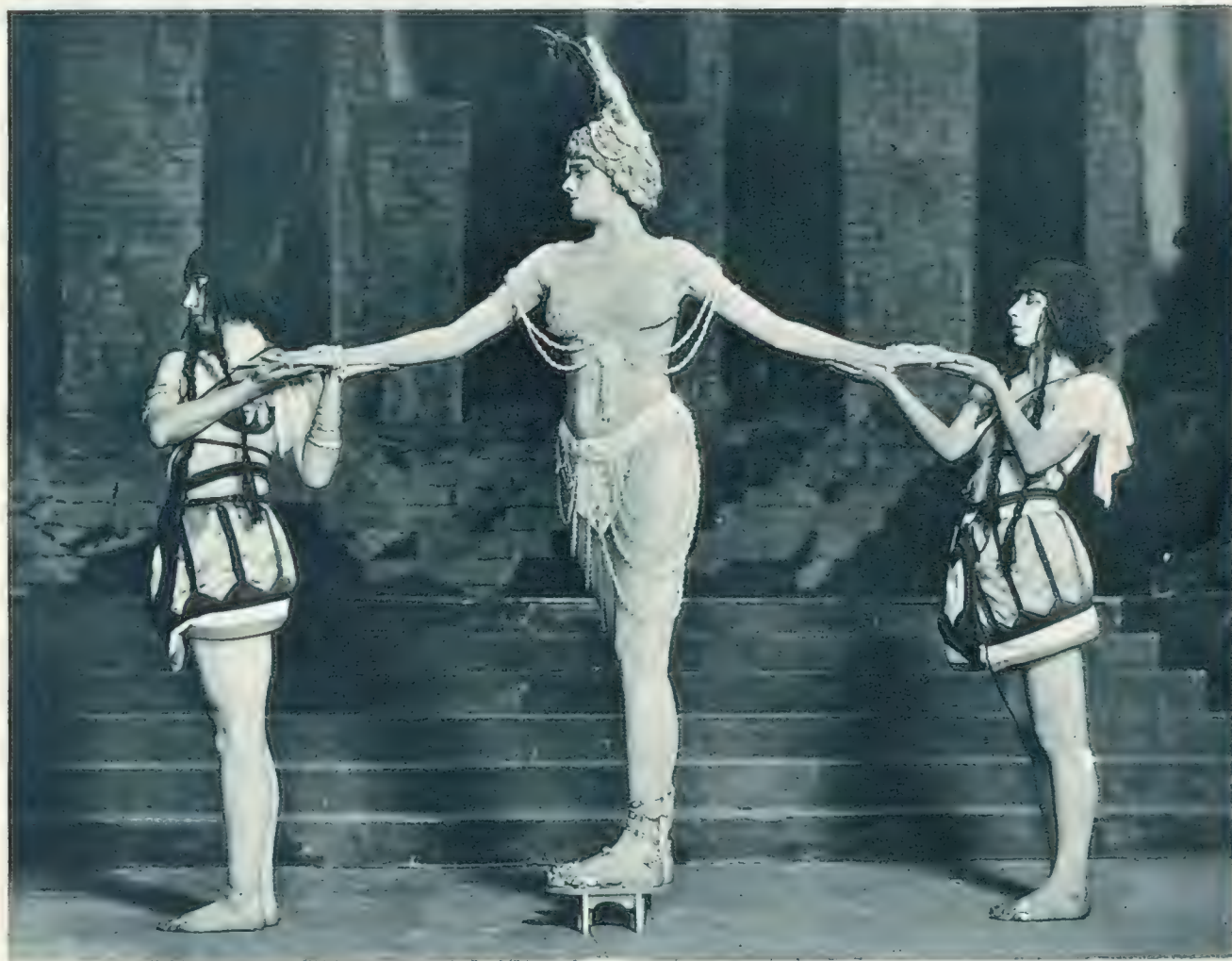
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## In London Later: "Colour, Fire, and Passion."



1. IN THE FOKINE BALLET OF "MECCA": A GROUP OF DANCERS, AT THE CENTURY, NEW YORK.

2. THE SLAVE-MARKET SCENE: ALI SHAR (LIONEL BRAHAM) IS SOLD BY AUCTION AT EL TABAN.

"Mecca," Mr. Oscar Asche's spectacular play, with music by Mr. Percy Fletcher, has been described in America as full of "colour, fire, and passion." It was produced recently at the Century Theatre, New York, and created a great sensation. The Michael Fokine ballets it contains are considered very fine, and include a Bacchanalian orgy

in the desert, during which the soldiers carry off women from an ancient Egyptian palace. When "Mecca" is produced in London as a successor to "Chu Chin Chow," Mr. Oscar Asche will play the part of an old wrestler; Miss Lily Brayton that of the wife of the dead Sultan; and Mr. Courtice Pounds will appear as a Persian clown.

Photographs by White Studios, Y.N.





SO Miss José Collins is to maintain in her vigorous person the old tradition which unites the House of Lords to the Stage Door, and the charms which were destined for Daly's Theatre are to be bestowed on a ducal house. However inappropriate the appearance of the Southern Maid in the Scottish peerage may seem to Debrett, Burke

(if he is half the fellow that we take him for) will counter with the obvious comment that the Maid of the Mountains should find herself at home in the Grampians.

Of course, one likes to see old institutions kept up in these deciduous days, and the aristocratisation of young ladies from the lyrical drama is one of the most entertaining of them. Because that is what always happens. You may flatter yourself that what is really going on is the democratisation of our hereditary caste. But is it? Not a bit of it. You try a little of that on the young lady



AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE LEDBURY: LADY BULLOUGH, WIFE OF THE M.F.H.

The first meet of the Ledbury took place last week at Fair Oake. Our photograph shows Lady Bullough, wife of Major Sir George Bullough, Bt., the Master of the Ledbury. Lady Bullough, who was married in 1903, is the daughter of the fourth Marquis de la Pasture.—[Photograph by C.N.]

three months after her elevation, and she will soon teach you where to put the coronets.

But perhaps the spread of Noble Birth is not a bad thing. If it goes on at this rate, we may hope, in a decade or two, to attain some small degree of real distinction. Which would be a pleasant change. We might, I mean, get away from the standardised vulgarity of ordinary life to that individual quality (to quote one of the more eloquent shirt advertisements) which is the mark of High Grade.

The trouble with most of us in these days is that we are all exactly the same. Master and man both wear the same nasty little green hat perched on their uniformly cropped heads. Mistress and maid (if that is still the correct order in which to refer to them) both wind up their necks in the same horridly hump-backed fox, and stump, identically stockinged, through the unstartled streets.

A catch-word starts in Chelsea and is taken eastwards by the wind into London. Then you may hear it simultaneously uttered over ten thousand tea-tables until it provokes the polite smiles of Mayfair, the decorous appreciation of Bayswater, the unbridled enthusiasm of Hampstead, and the shameless enjoyment of Balham. Everything nowadays is as standardised, as uniform, as unvarying, as damnably iterated as Mr. Ford's motor-cars or Sir Joseph Lyons' tea-shops.

A horrible example was the word Jazz. It was not so far the wrong side of the Armistice that Miss Elsie Janis carried the Jazz band over the footlights of the Palace Theatre. The entertaining trousers in which she did so were promptly christened Jazz. For two years the

word raged like a pestilence in a starving town. There were Jazz coats, Jazz suits, Jazz attitudes, Jazz pictures, and Jazz statuary.

At last an enterprising Mr. Lindsay has burst upon a waiting world the long-looked-for Jazz literature. It was bound to come. That was one of the fatal and inevitable results of our horrid uniformity. One knew that the business would go on until we got a Jazz everything. And now that we have suffered Jazz poetry, it only remains for Mr. Billy Sunday, that Southern Syncopated evangelist, to give us a Jazz religion. Then we can go back to the beginning and start it all over again with something else.

The Jazz poetaster has a simple repertoire. All that he requires is some obvious theme with niggers in it. If there were no niggers in it to begin with, he can (if one may say so) negrify it by putting some into it now. He has done so with singularly problematical results to the Book of Daniel. Then he says something with a straightforward, jolting rhythm. Then he says it over again a little louder. And once more. Getting louder and louder all the time.

Seems quite easy, doesn't it? Now, the great advantage which most of us have over poetry is that it stays in books, and you needn't open them and let it out unless you choose to. But Jazz poetry isn't to be burked like that. Oh, dear no. It comes and shouts itself at you. Large men ruffle their hair and strain their eyes and intone their literary hiccups at you in long gulps. Awful. But quite easy to do. So if you want a couple of hundred yards of it written on reasonable terms, you might let me know, c.o. Ed. Sketch. And mark the envelope "Hiccups."

And really there is no need for this energetic American-Scot to trouble himself with the labour of new compositions. He might just as well syncopate "In Memoriam." Or Gray's "Elegy." Or—best of all—Bradshaw. That greatest and most neglected of the English poets goes into Jazzterics better than any of his less spiritual



AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE NORTH HEREFORDSHIRE: THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Lady Essex hunts with the North Herefordshire, and was out on their opening day last week. She is the wife of the eighth Earl, and the daughter of the late Mr. W. R. Stewart Freeman, of The Manor House, Wingrave, Bucks.—[Photograph by C.N.]

competitors. Just try over a few bars. Like this. "The nine eighteen. The nine twenty-three. The nine thirty-eight. The ten twenty-two. The ten thirty-six." And so on. And people get paid for it. That's what I like about it.



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## FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

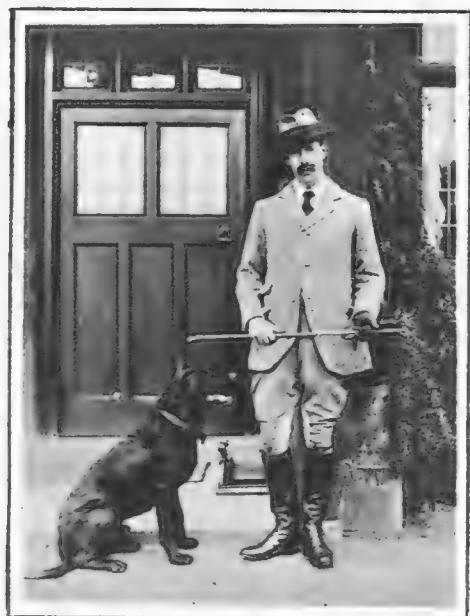
By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



TO vary an old question: "Do you know what happens when an irresistible force meets a distinctly movable body?" I do. I have just been reading Miss May Sinclair's "The Romantic." Miss Sinclair's brilliant later method has this effect. From the moment I set myself into the current of the story of "the black and white girl"—that is, of Charlotte with the bobbed hair and the Joan of Arc profile—I was completely at the mercy of compact, nervous and terrifically on-sweeping narrative. The conserved power of it is enormous. In the shortest possible space one lives through the immense emotions of Charlotte's lesser and larger loves; one for a healthy brute who loved and lied, one for an unhealthy brute who lied and loved himself.

The latter, Conway, is met walking in the vital countryside of Gloucester. He has "a look of being winged, ready to be off." That is the romantic in him: "his mind lived in a glorious state in which deeds never touched him." When his dreams are no more than talk, companionship with him is a "unique and beautiful happiness." It is when his dreams must be translated into acts that happiness is shattered. That comes when Charlotte and Conway go to Belgium in the first days of the war to do ambulance work. Here, amid scenes and people and emotions drawn with such an economy and force that one feels them with a sense of actuality almost too poignant, there comes the unveiling of Conway's cowardly nature—not an ordinary human cowardice, but a degenerate's fear, "cruel with a sort of mental violence in it." The process is emphatic and pitiless. It is a macabre but not a morbid story, told beautifully, and with a power that could be equalled by very few living writers.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "The Summons" goes to another extreme. It suffers sadly from lack of compactness. It opens well enough. There is that quietly thrilling sense of big-things-in-the-air which gave such an atmosphere to "The Four Feathers." Luttrell is the soldier-man who has a destiny to fulfil; Hillyard, the writer of plays, also waits some tremendous message from the gods of destiny; Stella Croyle, a "girl who had stepped down from a china group on a mantelpiece," is entangled in the skein of their lives; while Mario



M.F.H. OF THE PYTCHLEY: SIR CHARLES FREDERICK, BT.

Sir Charles Frederick, Bt., of Lamport Grange, Northampton, is the Master of the Pytchley for the second season. The Prince of Wales is one of the followers of this well-known pack.

Photograph by Rouch.

Escobar, the Spaniard, is the urbane and sinister figure of menace and mystery. These characters, the fretful nationalisms roused by the Olympic Games at Stockholm, the strange doings on the Sudan border, all built up a promising scheme for action in the impending war. But when the war came the thrill weakened. Hillyard's work on the coasts of Spain—where, in the non-dramatic and quite real manner of the actual secret service agent, he helped to fight the submarines in the Mediterranean—has many an excitement, and the touches of social life in England, home, and blighty, are amusing, but the force of the story died amid these events. The undoing of the spy Escobar, and the fight that Stella puts up for the head of Luttrell have an artificial air.

"In Morocco" is Mrs. Edith Wharton's attempt to remove the stigma from "a country without a guide-book." It is, of course,

very much more than a guide-book; first, because Mrs. Wharton herself has written it, and what she writes cannot help being touched with gravity and beauty; second, because much of what she describes is "almost unknown Africa," a land where, until three or four years ago, Christians were still being massacred, and white men had not penetrated.

It is a land wild and with a beauty of its own, where towns, in their setting "of fruit gardens look like some rare specimens of Arab art on a strip of old Oriental velvet"—a land where, amid tiled courts and traceried cloisters, "overlooking orange-groves that rise out of carpets of roses," one can still look upon mad ritual dances, with "whirling dancers hacking themselves with hatchets and sharp stones," in a blood rite, or can watch a softening tropic dusk beyond green minarets deepening upon terraced roofs that blossom like gardens as the women in bright garments come out with the children.

Mrs. Wharton imparts the glamour and the spirit of this land as she saw it in a short, swift journey among the undescribed towns. There is ferocious old Salé, "Phoenician counting-house and breeder of Barbary pirates." There is the sacred city of Moulay Idriss. There is Fez with its amazing buildings and amazing markets, and its atmosphere of wild and scattered empires. Here dwelt that epic figure, Moulay Ismaël, who adorned the city with the heads of seven hundred vanquished chiefs; who built a gigantic palace at Mecknez, visiting the building in "a chariot drawn by women and eunuchs," and who died leaving seven hundred sons and unnumbered daughters behind him.

Vivid pictures, always, shine throughout this glowing book. One is taken into the Sultan's harem to be "surrounded by a dozen houris . . . round-faced, apricot-tinted girls in their teens, with high cheek-bones, full red lips, surprised brown eyes between curved-up Asiatic lids, and tiny, soft, hennaed feet." These creatures from an Arabian fairy tale were the favourites of "a fat man with a pleasant face, shuffling along on bare, yellow-slipped feet, with the gait of a stout, elderly gentleman"—that is, of the Sultan himself. With this go other pictures of the dead and stagnant life of the harem, where the women dwell in "melancholy respectability," and regard what little of the world they see with "the remote passive eyes of the harem." There are more bustling visions of the bazaars, and of the desert trails, of religious feasts, and somnolent Moroccan parties, where grave, robed figures eat and drink brandy and mint tea to the sentimental or obscene wailing of the singing girls, or the hieratic dancing of the Chleuh boys, "with side-long painted eyes, gold ankle bracelets and hennaed feet."



ENGAGED TO MISS MARION COOK: THE EARL OF MINTO.

The engagement of the Earl of Minto and Miss Marion Cook, eldest daughter of Mr. George W. Cook, of Montreal, was announced last week. Lord Minto, who is twenty-nine years of age, succeeded his father in 1914, is in the Reserve of Officers, and formerly held a commission in the Scots Guards. His marriage to Miss Cook will take place before Christmas.—[Photograph by Rouch.]

The Romantic. By May Sinclair. (Collins; 9s.)  
The Summons. By A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder; 8s. 6d.)  
In Morocco. By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan; 20s.)





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 one has said all there is to  
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Her Secretary writes: "Her Grace considers the portrait most unsatisfactory."

"Her Grace instructs me to inform you that the portrait is still far from satisfactory."



"The Duchess considers the alterations have made the portrait a little better, perhaps—but that there is still room for improvement."

"I have to inform you that her Grace is more than delighted with the portrait, and considers the introduction of the antique vases most pleasing."

DRAWN BY G. S. SHERWOOD.





## GREAT HOSPITALS.



(No. 4)

## ST. THOMAS.

In 1223 Peter de Rupibus rebuilt and endowed the ancient hospital to entertain the poor, and dedicated it to the glory of St. Thomas-the-Martyr. In answer to the petition of the citizens of London, Edward VI. in 1553 restored the endowments of the hospital for the use of the citizens. In 1871 the ancient hospital having been demolished for railway extension, the present beautiful buildings were erected.

Great work has been done, but the endowment is totally inadequate for the present needs. Help is urgently required to meet increased expenses and a heavy bank overdraft, or the important work carried on for the treatment of the poor, and the investigation and prevention of disease, must be curtailed.

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## THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

**S**PEAKING of the Housing Question, more people are bored than lodged, nowadays.

Current events—electric-light bills.

There was a young person from Brecon,  
Whose schemes were sufficient to wreck on.  
He sold all his houses,  
And even his "trousis";  
Yet his scutcheon—it ne'er had a speck on.

The public's dislike of realism is Caliban's rage at seeing his face in the glass: the public's dislike of romanticism is Caliban's rage at not seeing his face in the glass.

Four men of different nationalities were in the habit of playing a foursome of golf every Wednesday afternoon. They were an Englishman, an American, an Australian, and, of course, a Scot. They never saw each other except on Wednesdays. Not one of them had the slightest idea what the other three did on the remaining days of the week. But, on account of the thorough and uninterrupted regularity of their games, there arose among these four golfers an

intimate, and apparently inseparable, companionship—on Wednesdays only. Then one day, one of the players—the Scot—did not turn up at the course. Naturally, there was some slight consternation and a little confusion as to who should take his place in the generally-regarded-as-exclusive foursome. Someone was found. The only satisfaction in the game was the hope that "Jock" had merely been detained and would turn up the following week. Wednesday came, but again no Scot. Wednesday after Wednesday went by, but never an appearance of the Scot, and never the slightest clue as to his whereabouts. Nothing could be discovered about his real name, his business, or his abode. Gradually the foursome lost interest in its very self. The three others parted as a working—or playing—syndicate, and the only

very lonely and dejected. After rightly indulged greetings, the following dialogue ensued: "Why, say, Sandy, we all thought you were dead!" "Nae." "But couldn't yer let us know what had happened?" "Nae." "Have yer bin sick?" "Nae." "Anything wrong with the business?" "Nae." "Short of cash?" "Nae." "Fed up with the old game?" "Nae." "Or with us?" "Nae." "Well, for the love of Mike, what was, or is the matter?" "I've lost ma ba'."

The middle classes are the paying guests in Life's establishment.

The milliner's representative had arrived at the house with a large and varied selection of the latest fashions in hats for mother to choose from. Little Willie romped into the room just as the assortment was being placed in all its effulgent glory on tables, chairs, couches, and, alternately, on mother's head. "Whatever are all those for?" asked the inquisitive youngster. "For Mummie," replied mother, wishing secretly to herself that they all were for her. And, in disgruntled manner, Willie stuffed his chubby fists into his pockets and stalked out of the room, muttering, "Ain't father goin' to have any hats?"

Business and pleasure never go together. No, but, strangely enough, one frequently goes with the other.

Philosophy consists of denying the obvious—even the devil.

A music-hall comedian who had toured the provinces for many years at an unrecognisable salary eventually "landed," and secured a big engagement in the Metropolis. For this event he persuaded his old dad, a truly rural rustic who had never been inside a theatre, to come to town and witness the son's turn from a special seat in the stalls. The old man never moved a muscle during the performance. He just stared blankly at the comedian while the house rocked with merriment. At the end of the show, he visited his son in the dressing-room and asked curtly how much he was getting for "what he done on that there platform." The son showed a contract by which he got £200 a week. Clapping the comedian on the shoulder with paternal confidence, the old man remarked: "Two 'undred puns! Well, my lad, you stick to it afore they gets on to yer." **SPFX.**



**A SALESWOMAN AT THE CENTRAL HALL JUMBLE SALE IN AID OF THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENT AND MALVERN MISSION CLUBS: LADY JULIET TREVOR "ON DUTY."**

Lady Juliet Trevor was a saleswoman at the Central Hall Jumble Sale last week in aid of the Dockland Settlement and Malvern Mission Clubs. She is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, and wife of Major Keith Trevor, M.C.

Photograph by S. and G.

one who still visited the links was the American. They regarded the Scot as dead, mourned him, and duly forgot him. A year later the American, walking along the Strand, met the Scot, looking



**THE ELWES — WYTHES WEDDING: BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY.**

The marriage of Captain Guy Elwes, Gloucester Regiment, son of Mr. Gervase Elwes, the well-known singer, and of Lady Winifred Elwes, and Miss Barbara Wythes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wythes, took place at the Brompton Oratory last week. The bride, who wore a white-satin dress with a train and veil of old Brussels lace, was followed by seven bridesmaids: Miss Alix and Miss Cecilia Wythes; Lady Phyllis Hervey; Miss Leila Seely; Miss Margaret and Miss Clare Elwes; and Miss Hilda de Trafford.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



# A Music Room *by* Harrods



A SUCCESSFUL Decorative Treatment for a Music Room should primarily express complete repose. In selecting the Adam style for the room here illustrated, Harrods have adopted what is perhaps the most classical period of English Decoration.

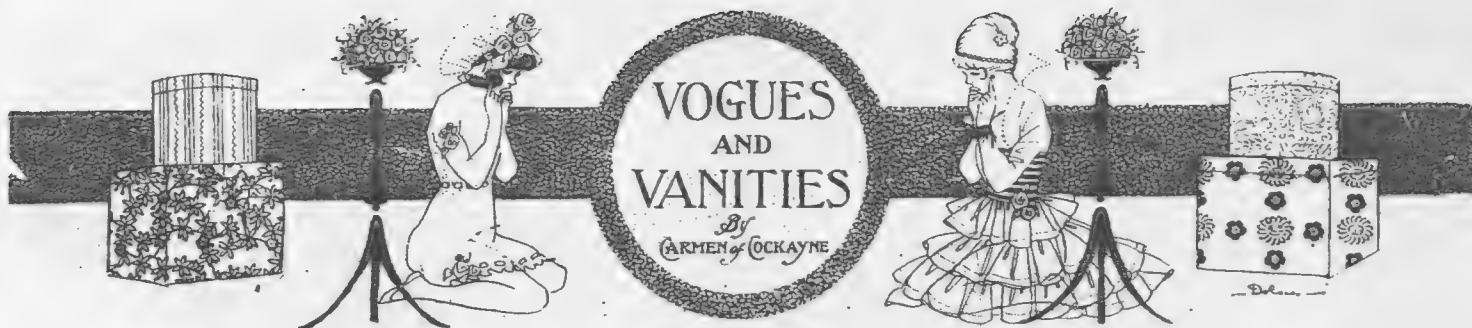
The colour-effect is delicate and soft, and is relieved with artistic plaques reminiscent of the Arts of Music and the Dance, such as were used so distinctively in all the finest Adam Interiors. The graceful yet dignified 18th Century Furniture is enamelled cream, with beautifully coloured floral borders and designs. Harrods will freely send a representative to discuss details of any decorative work you may be contemplating, and to submit Estimates. Write for Harrods Brochure of Interiors.

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**Cold at Last.** October did its brightest best, but not even the most optimistic believed that St. Luke's Summer was going to last for ever. Anyhow, it didn't, and October went out in gusts of wind and rain that, if not quite as cold as they might have been, were quite chilly enough, thank you. November brought—it was inevitable that it should—that longing for nice warm furs that almost every woman feels nowadays when furs, like everything else, are things to be approached from a democratic standpoint.



Long fur coats are too heavy for the energetic walker. That is why this nutria model is short.

the answer, "the fur sales of this year won't affect the season's goods. For that you must wait till 1921"; and a sadly disillusioned Madam resolves to try and "grin and bear" until next year.

**Do Not Put Off.** Personally, I'm never in favour of procrastination, and equally opposed to indiscriminate buying. Only the comparatively few have got money to "chuck about" these days—not forgetting, of course, the plutocrats who can go on strike when they jolly well please. Still, it's always poor economy to go chilly and run the risks of heaven knows what illness, not to mention doctor's bill, just because someone has told you "furs will really be less expensive next season." And when you need not really wait until next year to effect a saving, it's mere foolishness, isn't it, to risk all the unbecoming effects of feeling cold when there is really no necessity to do it at all?



An ermine tie is always a becoming addition to the toilette.

#### Less Than One Thought.

Furs are going to be cheaper. The blessed news came along in the columns of the daily Press that prided itself on the great discovery that at the fur sales prices were not quite so high as last year. Nothing sensationally low, you understand, but just not quite so high. And then came the awakening. "Why are furs not cheaper?" asked Madam of the beautiful creature doing his best to lure her into buying a seal musquash coat and a skunk wrap at a mere trifle of £250 the two. "Alas, Madam," was the



Skunk is as popular as ever. Above is "the latest thing" in neck-wear.

#### Here is the Point.

And that brings me right to the point, and will take you, I hope, dear reader, to the National Fur Company, 193, Brompton Road, S.W., where the authorities know better than most people how to suit furs to the wearer—not to mention prices to purses, which is quite as important, if not more so. There is a lot to be done before the skin that leaves the animal is in a position to sport itself about the form of a human wearer, and it is here that the National Fur Company have a pull over others less fortunately placed. For, as all the various processes of manufacture, from dressing the raw skins to completion, are carried

out in the Company's own work-rooms, the buyer of this same completed article gets the advantage of a price that compares so favourably with other places, because of the money saved in the process.

#### Cold Facts.

Don't run away with the notion that sixpence and a "song" are going to fit you out with a real musquash full-length coat—these are hard times for everyone; but with blue wolf—and it's fashionable as well as becoming—25 per cent. cheaper than elsewhere, and other furs available at prices that compare very favourably with other establishments, it does seem as if the folk at 193, Brompton Road were justified in suggesting that women on the look-out for a wrap in which quality, chic, and good workmanship are combined should pay a visit to their salons. Space does not permit of a detailed description of the varied

pelts included in the fur category. Roughly speaking, anything with a hairy coat may come to rest on a woman's back in the form of a fashionable fur. One of the latest arrivals, hamster, suggests Kolinsky, and is specially treated in Paris to convey that impression. Then, again, it has got to be remembered that the fur artist can no longer, as happened fifty years ago, afford to be independent of fashion. So one finds short coats as well as long ones; coats with gathers at the hips and others with gathers across the shoulders; some coats that stop short at the waist, and others that reach half-way between knee and ankle; coats with collars and coats without them; flounced coats and coats that disdain any such femininity—every kind of coat, in fact, not to mention capes and those loose, indefinite kind of wraps that are neither coat nor cloak, but show the characteristics of both.

#### About the Sketches.

Dolores shows some of the kind of things a woman may get in order to keep warm, but they are only a fraction of the choice offered. Notice the skunk

models. They are worth careful study because skunk is probably the most enduring fur there is, as well as one of the most fashionable, so that the interests of economy and smartness are alike studied by the woman who wears it. There is, too, the wide stole in nutria, or, if you prefer it, moleskin. Its width adds to its usefulness, for, since it covers the arms pretty well, and reaches to the waist at the back, it can do coat duty well on into winter. The deep pockets in front are useful when no muff is being carried, and altogether it's about as desirable an addition to the wardrobe as the most exacting could wish.



Another version of a skunk shoulder-wrap—and very nice too.



What's the sense of carrying a muff when a stole wrap has nice large pockets?



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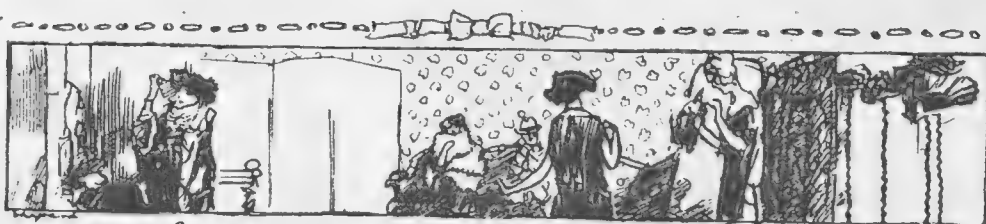
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## Le dernier Cri de Paris

By JEANNETTE.

NOT for the first time have I been struck by a certain dowdiness of many of the older members of Paris Society—as distinct from the *nouveaux riches*.

This must not be taken to mean that everybody who is well dressed is a *nouveau riche*! On the contrary, they may buy clothes and be turned out as only the best houses can turn them out; but it takes long practice—if not a sixth sense—to wear clothes right. The truly well-dressed woman is born, not made—if you will let this absurd phrase pass, because you know what I mean by it. What I have in mind is the reception of Mme. François-Marsal and the Finance Minister the other day. It was, so far as names are concerned, a really brilliant affair. But when I looked round the great *salons* it occurred to me that many of these dresses were old-fashioned, that they were not at all smart, though the materials were rich.

I wonder why? Are many of our "old nobility" feeling the pinch? Does the *monde* look a little askance at the latest fashions? You will see far more extravagant conceptions at any public dancing-hall or in any stylish hotel than in the great drawing-rooms of the old Louvre. There are many sides to Paris; and I don't think it an unfair generalisation to say that at this moment the Faubourg Saint-Germain and the Faubourg Saint-Honoré are experiencing a wave of economy.

There were, nevertheless, some striking dresses; and there was one which was superb. It is worth a little description. Yellow autumn leaves, reddening at the edges, tacked together in four layers, made up the skirt; the bodice shaded off into a deeper russet-brown. The material was satin; the shape was new: flat behind and in front, with rather conspicuous bulges on the hips—a flattened crinoline, so to speak. It was the success of an evening at which most of the Ambassadors and Ambassadors were present.

We must really turn to the theatre to find interesting ideas. We have many new plays just now, and in consequence a quantity of pretty dresses *in-édites*—and is not that the chief point about a play? It is curious to observe that if actually the general note is for straight frocks with a rather vague waist-line, the theatres show the opposite tendency: wide skirts and bodices close-fitting at the waist. On several stages taffetas dresses of the 1860 style have appeared, and I wonder if we are going back to taffetas after having very recently got tired of it?

I think you can find at least one taffetas frock in each theatre. At the Athénée, Marthe Régnier shows us a fresh dress of pink taffetas. On the ample skirt astragals of silver lace are linked together by

roses, and streamers of heavy royal-blue ribbon falling behind complete this old-fashioned harmony.

Then, at the Gymnase, Marthe Rienzi seems to have come out of an old painting with her quaint long gown of "tilleul"-coloured taffetas. And if our grandmothers had seen the dress of Jeanne Provost at the Vaudeville, they would have thought it was one of their own. It was of pink taffetas with festooned hem. The skirt was adorned with little loops of pink ribbon lined in blue. And you must not forget Yvonne Printemps and Parisys and others who all have taken to this *charme vieillot*.

When I was at the races the other day, I was thinking how well mink looked amid the golden dead leaves. Certainly all women must be poets—rich poets—to know so well how to put themselves in harmony with Nature! For they all wear mink cloaks in these autumn days. That does not mean that they altogether discard any other kind of fur. We have *petit-gris*, for example, which is another favourite. But *petit-gris* is not worn as a coat; its fine silver grey is too soft and tender. But for trimmings—oh, *ma chère*!—it takes its revenge. Here it winds round the neck and sleeves of a coat of black *diavellaine*, while an arabesque of silver-grey wool outlines the side seams. There it lines a cape, or adorns a hat, or composes a muff—well, it makes itself conspicuous.

And what kind of a hat is there to wear but a hat of black panne fringed with monkey? For monkey is still the trimming of the season: you can see it edging a coat of moss-green velvet, bristling under the chin like a frill, while a heavy embroidery of silver braid adorns the front of the coat.

In another case it hems a quaint *saute-en-barque* of black panne adorned with flowers of gold painted *au pochoir*—the latest decree of fashion. This *saute-en-barque* is worn over the simplest of simple dresses of black panne with long sleeves

and high collar; and this ensemble is *des plus réussis*. And when you come across a *houppelande* of golden-brown satin with gold foliage painted over it, you are struck by the discreet splendour of the lining entirely made of sables. A few steps further, the autumn wind which lifts the Kolinsky cape of an *élégante* reveals a gay frock of navy-blue *crêpe-de-Chine* all embroidered with intertwined rings, pale blue and pink. There, a short otter mantle manages not to hide a taffetas dress whose originality consists in being perforated with small copper rings, that we are more used to seeing on shoes—but in the matter of trimmings we have ceased to be astonished!



WORN WITH A CLOAK OF BLUE VELVET WITH GREY FOX COLLAR AND CUFFS: A BLUE-AND-GOLD BROCADE EVENING GOWN.

This Lucile model of blue-and-gold brocade is of the clinging persuasion, and boasts a fish-tail train. The head-dress of jewelled flower-petals and the sumptuous cloak which are worn with it add further to the rich beauty of this lovely toilette.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]



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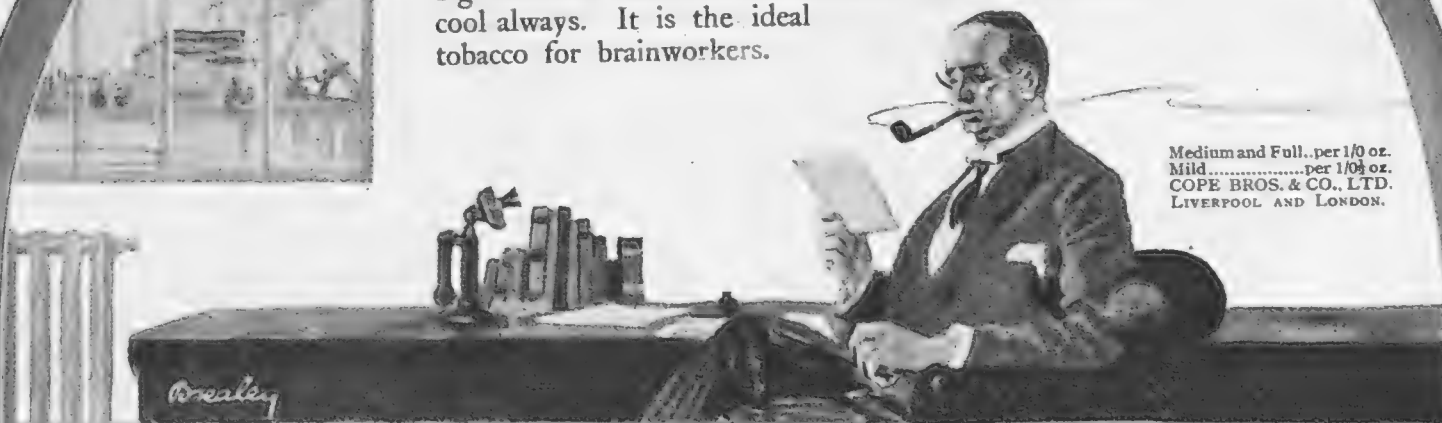
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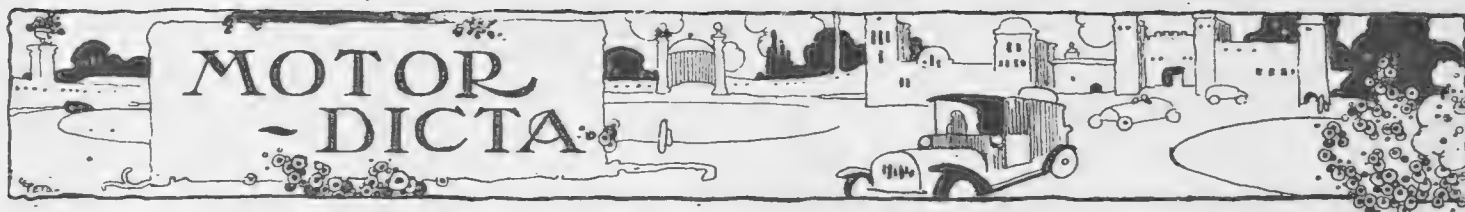
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LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.



"TWIXT HAMMERSMITH AND SHEPHERD'S BUSH: SHOW DÉBUTANTES. By GERALD BISS.

WHEN for your sins or other sordid reasons you have to spend long hours at a time in any place, you cannot help getting "fed up" with it after the first flush of things. So, I am told, it is with prison, and I find it is with long-drawn-out annual exhibitions. I have heard even brewers complain despite such congenial surroundings. But that is another question. I am referring to Olympia—or, rather, Olympia with White City at heel. Of course, it is rather exciting to dash from one to the other in specially supplied free motor transport; or mayhap in the demonstration car of a would-be vendor in an idle moment, mistakenly thinking to land a fat customer; or even by extravagance of taxi with a sublime sensation of super-tax. It certainly breaks the monotony to start with, but November is not the choicest season for urban joy-rides, and it takes time to settle down to this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde business, especially at the White City, where the old motorist finds himself in a strange atmosphere, and not at home with its self-assertive suggestion of post-war innovation. But such feelings are but transitory, the result of mental and optical indigestion, coupled with a touch of physical exhaustion. It is the first reaction, and then comes the counter reaction about the middle of the second week; and you start off fresh again, with a catalogue in your hand and a determined look on your face, to dig out such elusive exhibits and coy novelties as have, apparently, given you the deliberate slip, as you actually passed in intent search of them.

To and Fro-wardness of Things.

Such is the nature of things to my knowledge at Olympia (and, writing without sufficient experience, I shrewdly suspect 'tis the same at the fair White City), that I have had the fixed intention one whole live-long Show to leave a card upon some shining chassis making its bow, or to visit a given stand for some happily invalid reason, but have never landed there the whole eight days and nights! The gangways of Olympia are, of a verity, flagged with intentions of the best and brightest brand. Or this year you may wake up to the variety of serendipitous collisions with fair friends and foul, who have not yet so greatly dared as to explore the wilds of Shepherd's Bush and exercise their option on the latter half of their dollar billet; and the rôle of pioneer lends gusto to such a Stanley-cum-Shakleton expedition. There is an enticing, bucolic sound about Shepherd's Bush, and it is certainly *terra incognita* to most

Olympia, inside, is looking quite merry and bright with its more cheerful automobilious decorations round the top, and its increase of elbow-room down below, coupled with a sense of business-like reality. So even the conscribed habitué of this end of the Show



THE CAR THAT COSTS 1 CENT. A MILE TO RUN:  
MISS EVELYN GOSNELL IN HER "COOTIE-CAR."

The amusing little vehicle in which our photograph shows Miss Evelyn Gosnell is not a child's toy, though it looks like one! It is a small electric automobile which can exceed the speed limit, costs only one cent. per mile, and can be charged from an electric-light socket. Miss Gosnell, who often drives on Broadway in her baby car, attracts a good deal of attention on her trips.—(Photograph by C.N.)

takes heart of grace and begins a fresh campaign of digging out the hitherto unseen, especially amongst the new cars.



JAPAN'S ANCIENT "CAB" AS IT IS: THE MOTOR-CYCLE RICKSHAW.

A petrol engine is replacing the runners who used to provide transport in Japan by pulling the rickshaws. Our photograph shows the modern rickshaw propelled by a motor-cycle. The invention is a new one, and will probably soon be generally adopted in Japan.

Photograph by T.P.A.

people I meet. Then back once more to more familiar Hammersmith, known to motorists for fifty and a half weeks of the year as a place to get out of—passers-through shod with silent rubber—and for the rest, the Show! For which many of its obvious shortcomings are forgiven to Hammersmith; and, frankly, this year

Auto Newcomes. And this year the Newcomes of Automobildom are many and of all sizes, despite it being a year of "detail improvements and refinements," as one hears dinned in half-apologetically on all sides—from the twelve-cylinder Packard down to the Grahame-White "one-lunger"; from the square-jowled Leyland "eight" to the Galloway, which instinctively suggests a pony; the new Crossley, Phoenix, Ruston-Hornsby, and Enfield-Alldays (without the Onions) models; the Cubitt, airing itself for the first time; the Crown Magnetic, with its novel transmission without clutch or gear-box; from volcanic Italy the new Ceirano, the six-cylinder S.P.A., and the Chiribiri; the new sleeve-valve Mors, the Alda, the Zebre and the Zeiller from France, to say nothing of the four-cylinder Delage model; the small Morris-Oxford six-cylinder; the re-appearance of the single-sleeve-valve Argyll, and the new radial-engined "R.L.C.", the only three-cylinder in the Show, built by a London Argyll Company, which must not be confused with the old firm across the Tweed; the six-cylinder Forster from Canada, a new sign of the times; the six-cylinder Ryner-Wilson, a Britisher with many points of individual interest; high-grade Yankee invaders—apart from the Packard—six-cylindered most of them, who fancy themselves, and regard "Lizzie" as a thing apart—the National, the Winton, the Haynes, the Grant, the Nash, Mitchell, the Moon, the Roamer, the Revere, the Jordan, the Bethlehem—some names!—the Allen, and possibly more, inadvertently overlooked; the Westwood from Lancashire; the hybrid Vandy; the Blackburn, the Hudswell, the Seabrook, the Cluley, the Alvis, the Ensco, the Kingsbury Junior, the Crouch, the Blériot Whippet, the Uni. No. 1 and other small, but sturdy Britishers; the Belgian revival; Holland's only, but very interesting, contribution, the new Spyker "six"; the Milburn electric from Yankee-doodledom; the Carter electric bath-chair,  $\frac{1}{2}$  h.p., the smallest thing ever shown under the haughty auspices of the S.M.M.T.; and—and lots of others, I expect. If you dig all these Newcomes out, you won't have done so badly, apart from old friends and favourites. The very thought makes me quite fresh and gives me my second wind. Really, only two Shows, and only eight days and nights are not enough. They won't go round. I shall down stylos and strike. No, I forgot, rotten luck—I'm paid on production!





*The more You Wash it  
the Better it Waves!*

THE many advantages of wavy hair are too obvious to need recapitulation. Permanent waving has, in fact, become a modern necessity, and it only remains for ladies to choose that system which is proved the best in results. In advertising the Eugène process we are merely echoing the verdict of public opinion as expressed in hundreds of unsolicited testimonials to M. Eugène.

Our apparatus would never have attained its present overwhelming popularity but for the fact that we can definitely guarantee success. We do not attract you for only one treatment. Our policy is always to ensure such satisfaction that you will return to us every six months or so to have your newly-grown hair waved. Out of every 20 ladies whose hair is waved daily at Eugène's, at least 15 are confirmed customers. Many in the first place have been disappointed elsewhere, but now are to be numbered amongst our gratified and extensive clientèle.

The Eugène system has been adopted exclusively by 90% of the coiffeurs in London. Every week we receive fresh applications for complete outfits from every part of the globe, including Bangkok, Havana, British Columbia, etc., etc. Such world-wide predominance can hold but one meaning—the Eugène apparatus justifies its reputation of having no competitors.

Convincing demonstrations on films and on living models can be seen daily at our Grafton Street Salons. Handsome illustrated booklet sent post free on request.

# EUGÈNE

*Inventor and patentee of the world-famous Eugène hair-waving appliances*

23 GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

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9 St. Ann's Place, Manchester.

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## EVERITT'S Patent WARDROBES

A Small  
Wardrobe  
with  
a large

## Capacity

Here is an extremely useful wardrobe for use where space is limited. It occupies a very small space, but holds a surprising number of garments. It measures only 6 ft. 3 in. high, 2 ft. 1 in. wide and 1 ft. 4 in. deep, but being fitted with the Everitt Patent Extending Coat rail it can be filled to its utmost capacity.

The Everitt Patent Extending Coat Rail, shown above, holds from 8 to 10 coats and waistcoats and enables you to bring all the garments right outside the wardrobe—so that you can see and select what you want in an instant. The drawer at the bottom provides ample accommodation for a goodly number of undergarments, ties, collars, etc.

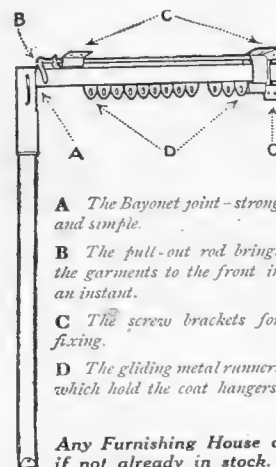
### A Suggestion to Business Men

Why not keep one of these wardrobes in your office? A spare suit, and an overcoat or raincoat can thus be kept tidily out of sight. A dress suit kept here will save you many a hurried rush home to change.

**Price.** Made in Oak, polished Jacobean colour, complete with Patent Fitting, 6 Suit and 4 Coat Hangers ... 18 Guineas

*If you can call at our Showrooms, we shall be very pleased to show you this and other wardrobes, even if you are not contemplating purchasing*

*If unable to call, please write for our Catalogue, which fully describes and illustrates these wardrobes, or apply to your usual Furnishing House*



### The Everitt Patent Extending Coat Rail

Everitt's Patent Extending Coat Rail as fitted in these Wardrobes can be supplied at the following prices:—

14 in., complete with 10 runners ... £2 2 0

16 in. and 18 in., complete with 12 runners ... £2 5 0

The measurements given are for depth required inside the wardrobe

Ordinary Coat Hangers can be used with the fitting, but, if desired, specially made polished wood hangers can be supplied as follows—

Coat Hangers ... 2/- each  
Suit Hangers ... 2/9 each

Any Furnishing House can secure any of our specialities if not already in stock. In case of difficulty apply to

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(A few doors from DICKINS & JONES.)



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*Original  
Charm  
at moderate  
price*

The well-known *flair* of the Gooch designers makes all the difference between an ordinary moderate-priced frock and an exceedingly charming creation. Inspection is welcomed.

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Pretty and serviceable Evening Gown of brightly coloured Satin, with attractive skirt panels and flowered shoulder straps. In emerald green, rose, blue, paeon, and a few other shades.

14½ Gns.

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Tube Station: Knightsbridge. Phone: Kent. 5100



"The Titania."

This beautiful hand-embroidered Bel-Broid Nightgown costs only 25/6

direct from the makers. Send for it on approval.

Bel-Broid, the delightful work of skilled French and Belgian embroiderers, could not be sold at such low prices were it not sent direct from

## Maker to Wearer

You will not find equal value when you go shopping. Besides being real hand-embroidery Bel-Broid is made of the most reliable materials, favourite among which is soft, snowy Tarantulle, world-famous for its long-wearing service. Bel-Broid is also made of other superior fabrics, in White, Pink, Helio, Lemon and Sky.

This Butterfly Trade-mark appears on every genuine Bel-Broid Garment.

# Bel-Broid

Every Garment made of Tarantulle bears notification of the fact

## THE "TITANIA" SET.

In "superfine" Tarantulle, embroidered as illustrated and threaded with soft satin ribbon. Nightgown, 25/6; Camiknicker, 25/6; Chemise, 15/11; Knicker, 15/11; Camisole, 10/6. Complete Set, £4 10s. 0d. All Post Free.

## SELECTION ON APPROVAL

If you would like to see other designs, ask for sample garments to be sent on approval, saying whether you prefer simple or elaborate embroidery. Enclose usual trade references with order, or remit approximate cost as returnable deposit.

Address:—Madame Regnier.

BELGEMBROID LINGERIE CO., MONAGHAN

P.E.D. 22

## The Castlebank Khaki Service

*What it has done for others  
What it can do for you*



"—and what a smart velvet collar, too."

AFTER the Armistice, Castlebank created the now famous Service for the conversion of Khaki into smart civvy wear. They recognised the opportunity of saving the demobilised officer and man expense in buying new clothes, while at the same time taking advantage of the good quality of Khaki Garments. Orders poured in from all parts and fully 20,000 British Warmes and Great Coats were successfully treated during last winter, to the entire satisfaction of every sender. Several hundred demobilised officers and men ranking from Generals to Privates have written voluntarily in praise of the results.

Only that inimitable process of dry cleaning and dyeing—Franco Barbe—used by no one else in Scotland—has made this possible. If you still have your Khaki outfit hanging idle in the wardrobe—have them converted now to serve you during the winter months ahead.

Post your parcel to Dept. S.W., Castlebank Dye-works. Ask for Khaki Leaflet and the Fleur-de-Lys, an interesting magazine Price List giving details of cleaning, dyeing and repairing of Ladies' and Gentlemen's civilian wear.

Alexander Kennedy & Sons, Ltd.



## Typical Conversion.

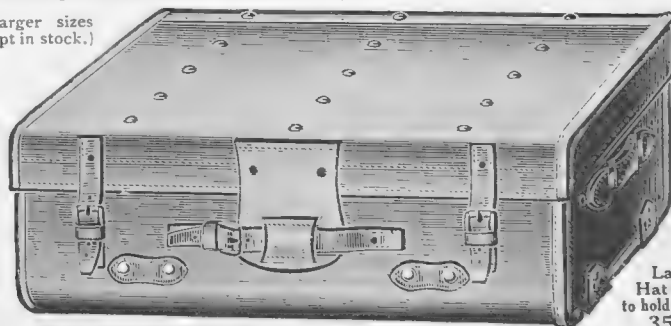
Officer's British Warm Dyed Dark Navy, Brown or Black. All military details removed, new velvet collar of excellent quality, to tone with new colour, affixed and new buttons supplied. Charge for this 25/-

## Black, Green or Brown Canvas Cabin Trunk,

Light Weight and Strong. Length, 30 inches. Width, 19 inches. Depth, 13 inches.

At the unprecedented low price of 57/6. Delivered free in London or Suburbs

(Larger sizes kept in stock.)



Ladies' Hat Boxes to hold 4 hats, 35/-

ANGLO-AMERICAN TRUNK ASSOCIATION (Manufacturers) (Established 1889)  
112, Southampton Row, Russell Square, W.C. 1 (Opposite West Central Hotel),  
and 52, Strand, W.C. 2 (opposite Charing Cross Hospital).

## Let Formamint Shield you from Infectious Illness

WHEN a man sneezes violently, you know that he has probably caught a cold, and you naturally take reasonable precautions to avoid catching it yourself.

But *you don't know* when a man is sickening for a serious illness like Influenza or Diphtheria. Yet you may catch it from him in just the same way that you catch a cold. Don't expose your health to *unnecessary* risks. *Formamint will safeguard you.*



## Why you should use Formamint Tablets Daily

Suppose you are in a crowded railway carriage or in any place where all sorts of people are herded together in a stuffy atmosphere. Opposite you, breathing into your face, is a man sickening for an infectious illness. His breath is swarming with disease-germs, which get into your mouth and throat. That man is literally *poisoning* you! The germs he gives you are a kind of poison-fungus invisibly minute—which grows and multiplies in your mouth-cavity, forces its way through the membrane, and pours its poisons into your blood. Then you are laid up with an infectious illness like Influenza or Diphtheria.

You can't stop disease-germs from entering your mouth, but you *can* stop them from poisoning you. To do this, you need only suck a few Formamint Tablets every day. Formamint has the unique property of destroying all disease-germs in your mouth and throat before they can harm you.

### Safe, Pleasant and Convenient.

Formamint Tablets are manufactured by the proprietors of Sanatogen, who guarantee them to be the most efficient destroyer of germs in the mouth and throat, and, at the same time, absolutely harmless to the human system. They are pleasantly flavoured, and have a most soothing and refreshing effect on the whole mouth-cavity.

Make a regular habit of taking a few Formamint Tablets every day. It will keep your mouth and throat always hygienically clean, protect your teeth from decay, save you from Sore Throat and similar ailments, and safeguard you against the constant danger of catching diseases like Influenza, Diphtheria, Consumption, Scarlet Fever, Measles, etc. Give your children Formamint, too, for they are frequently exposed to infection at school.

Insist on getting **Genuine British**

# FORMAMINT

*The Germ-Killing Throat Tablet*

with the Red-and-Gold Seal of GENATOSAN LTD.

"Sealed" Formamint is *real* Formamint—guaranteed to be of maximum strength and in perfect condition—absolutely harmless and 100 per cent. efficient. It is obtainable at all chemists in bottles of 50 tablets, price 2s. 9d.

Remember this next time you are threatened with a Sore Throat, a Cold, or Influenza, etc.—and *take Formamint promptly.*

**GENATOSAN LIMITED**

(Makers of Sanatogen, Genasprin, etc.)

(Chairman—The VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA)

12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1





## Her skin is so delicate

that the constant use of a perfect face powder is necessary to protect her complexion from the different elements which otherwise might be injurious.

## Poudre Nildé in the sifter box

is the choice of every woman who knows. She appreciates its subtle fragrance; its standard excellence and quality. Poudre Nildé preserves the skin and gives that distinctive touch to the complexion that everyone admires.

### Each box contains a puff.

POUDRE NILDÉ in the sifter box (rachel, naturelle, blanche, rose or basanée); handbag size, 1/-; medium, 2/-; large, 3/6. In leather or fancy silk vanity cases, with mirror in lid, 5/-, 7/6 and 10/-. These make a charming gift.

NILDÉ LIP SALVES in elegant metal containers, Pommade des lèvres, White 1/- Rouge or Carmine 1/3.

THE glaring light at the theatre, the restaurant, the dance, is liable to make you look pale; in which case you should also use Rouge invisible Nildé—a powder specially made to be applied on and round the position of the cheek-bones. It is perfectly undetectable and gives that natural bloom so characteristic of the freshness of youth. Brune or blonde, in the sifter box, with puff, 1/6.

Nildé preparations are obtainable at all good chemists', parfumeurs', and stores.

**NILDÉ** British and Colonial Agents:  
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"I'm warm enough as long as I keep moving, but once I get sat down . . ."

Harley Street would say: Good food, fresh air, exercise, wool next the skin. WOLSEY Wool for preference.

Produced, as it is, *entirely* by one firm, the quality, softness, purity of the Wolsey woollen texture can be vouched for.

Made on the best machinery in the world, by the most experienced makers, finished to perfection, guaranteed against shrinkage, examined again and again before the Wolsey Trade Mark goes upon it, Wolsey yields a difficult-to-equal service.

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Only underwear produced under like conditions can hope to equal it. There are no like conditions . . .

Good food, fresh air, exercise—and WOLSEY!.

# Wolsey

## The Best the World Produces

There are Wolsey garments for men, women and children, and *Special Sizes* of Wolsey will be made to order. Should you have any difficulty in obtaining Wolsey, a postcard to the manufacturers will bring the address of the nearest retailer.

Wolsey Ltd Leicester





### The Cutex Travelling Set 9/6

Contains just what you need to keep your nails beautifully manicured—all full-sized packages. Cutex Cuticle Remover, that does away with ruinous cutting; Cutex Nail White, to remove stains and discolorations and give your nail tips a snowy whiteness; Cutex Cake Polish and Cutex Paste Polish (pink) to give your nails the fashionable finish.

In addition you get a double-cut steel file, emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton and an invaluable little booklet on the care of the nails. All combined in a stunning set, so compact, so convenient that many people carry it with them wherever they go.

## In one stunning set—everything to keep your nails beautifully manicured

**I**N ten minutes, with these Cutex manicure preparations, you can transform nails you are ashamed of into things of beauty.

Start to-day to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. No matter how rough and ragged the skin around your nail is, no matter how ugly cutting the cuticle has made them, you can almost instantly change them into nails that are noticeably lovely.

Without trimming or cutting of any kind, Cutex keeps the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken. Just file your nails to the proper length and shape. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a little cotton wrapped around the end of the stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them.

For fascinatingly snowy nail tips, apply just a bit of Cutex Nail White under the nails. You will delight in the fashionable finish that the Cutex Polish gives. Your first manicure will show you how lovely nails can look.

### For Christmas and birthday presents

Last year over three hundred thousand women bought Cutex sets during the festive season. Before you plan a single Christmas gift, look at these Cutex sets. Read the descriptions alongside of each picture. Any one of the three—in its handsome Christmas wrapper—makes a present that is new and fashionable.

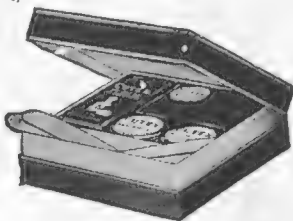
Any Chemist, Perfumers or Stores has Cutex manicure preparations. Don't let another day go by until you have secured Cutex, the invention that has made it possible for everyone to have nails that are noticeably lovely. Get your set to-day

NORTHAM WARREN, New York & Montreal.

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4 & 5, Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.

# CUTEX

## Manicure Sets



### The Cutex Poudoir Set only 19/-

For those who want a more elaborate combination of Cutex manicure preparations.

This set contains full-sized packages of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish, Cutex Paste Polish (pink) and Cutex Rouge. In addition you get your orange stick, emery boards, flexible double-cut steel file, and a beautiful white buffer with removable chamois. A really impressive Christmas present—one that is both popular and fashionable.

### The Cutex Compact Set, all the essentials, 3/-

This is the Cutex set of a thousand uses. Many women buy six of these at a time. Each contains a miniature package of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish and Cutex Paste Polish (pink). In addition you get your orange stick and emery boards—all the essentials for the modern manicure. Hundreds and thousands of these sets are bought every year—the demand for them constantly increases.

An unparalleled Offer to the  
Travelling Public.

## PUKKA LUGGAGE

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Every Trunk and Wardrobe kept  
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## THE PUKKA WARDROBE



## THE PUKKA LUGGAGE Co.

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CIMOLITE  
TOILET POWDER**

*Baby's Tender Skin Requires Delicate Treatment.*

Mothers should use "CIMOLITE" Toilet Powder. Ensures comfort and prevents all danger of chaps, excoriations, etc. Recommended by eminent doctors. Used in the Royal nurseries. Prices from 1/-.  
JOHN TAYLOR, Manufacturing Chemist,  
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**L**ITTLE NEEDLEWOMEN are encouraged in their Embroidery endeavours by working with CLARK'S "ANCHOR" THREADS. Rich effects are quickly and easily produced; the threads are bright as silk, are in all colours, and are washable. With designs, transfers and instruction leaflets of all Drapers and Needlework Depots.

Clark's "ANCHOR" Threads are seven in number

COTON A BRODER	VELVENO
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All made by

**CLARK & CO LTD**  
ANCHOR MILLS  
PAISLEY



## That Important Item

of a woman's attire—the blouse—demands special attention since it is the keynote of her toilette, and the simple yet exquisitely tailored shirt-blouse illustrated above is suitable to whatever employment she may engage in throughout the day, whether it be household duties, shopping, or the afternoon call.

Made in "Japshan" and "Britella" pure silk fabrics, or in the well-known "Viyella," "Aza," and "Clydella" Flannels, No. 918 Hollins' Blouse is obtainable of all leading Drapers at the prices quoted below:—

Super "Japshan"	-	-	-	49/6
"Britella"	-	-	-	55/6
"Viyella"	-	-	-	27/6
"Aza"	-	-	-	23/9
"Clydella"	-	-	-	21/-

*Should you be unable to obtain from your usual Draper, the Manufacturers will be pleased to supply you with name of Retailer holding stock.*

**WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO., LTD.**  
(Trade only)

29, Viyella House, 24 - 26, Newgate Street,  
LONDON, E.C. 1.



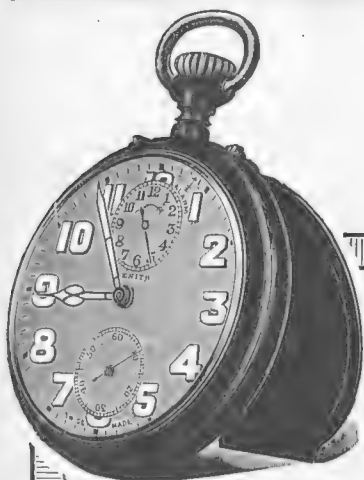
Celebrated - House  
for Long Coats  
and Tailor-mades.

## WINTER MODELS

Walking Gowns,  
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Blouses,  
Chic Millinery.  
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**Ernest.**

185, Regent Street, London, W.1



Oxidised, £7 : 0 : 0

### A USEFUL XMAS GIFT

### THE XX<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY WATCH

THIS, our Appointment Watch, tells the time, rings it out clear and distinct by means of its powerful gong alarm. Appointments, meetings, trains—no matter the business on hand—cannot be forgotten. A dial visible on the darkest evening, a back cover which so opens as to permit the watch being stood on the bedside table, are ingenious additions really useful to the wearer.

You incur no obligation by ordering this watch. If after a fair trial you are for any reason disappointed, a refundment in full of your remittance will at once be made.

**BROOK & SON**

Goldsmiths to His Majesty the King.  
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The Most Fascinating Gift  
for a Lady of Quality is  
A COMPLETE SET OF THE  
**MORNY FINE TOILET  
PRODUCTS**  
fragrant with

### ESSENCE MYSTERIEUSE



## MORNY·PARIS ESSENCE MYSTERIEUSE

<i>Essence Mystérieuse</i>	18.6	35.0
"Mystérieuse" Toilet Water	12.0	23.0
"Mystérieuse" Bath Salts	4.0	10.0
"Mystérieuse" Bath Salts Tablets	4.0	4.0
"Mystérieuse" Complexion Powder	5.0	5.0
"Mystérieuse" Solid Complexion Powder	3.6	3.6
"Mystérieuse" Bath Dusting Powder	5.0	9.6
"Mystérieuse" Toilet Soap	5.0	14.0
"Mystérieuse" Bath Soap	7.6	15.0
"Mystérieuse" Sachet	3.0	3.0
<i>Total Cost of Sets</i>	67.6	122.0

Similar Sets supplied in  
"June Roses," "Chaminade,"  
"Serenade," and other ori-  
ginal Morny Fragrances at  
their relative prices.

Alabaster-Glass Bath Salts  
Vase (in tints of Royal Blue,  
Turquoise Blue, Rose, Cinna-  
mon, and Black), 63/- extra.

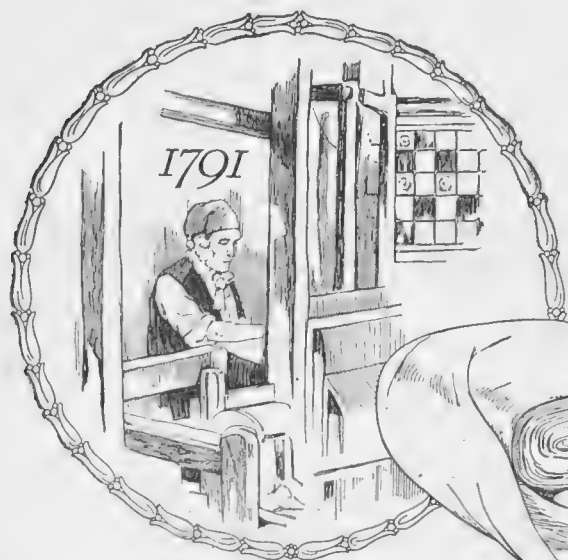
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LIMITED**  
201 REGENT STREET  
LONDON W.1.





SEE  
HORROCKSES'  
NAME  
ON  
THE  
SELVAGE

*Seven Generations have  
used Horrockses' Longcloth.*  
1790-1920.

Madame de 'Seventeeninetyone' hadn't such a wide choice as her great-great (*ad infinitum*) grand-daughter.

Every day finds a fresh attempt to attain to the standard of HORROCKSES' longcloths, cambrics, nainsooks, etc., and every day brings additional proof that British women realise that such an effort is futile.

The traditional wisdom of English housewives compels them to look for the name HORROCKSES' on the selvedge.



1800



1820



1840



1860



1920



1900

**Horrockses'**



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. THE QUEEN

# Revillon Frères

(LONDON) LTD

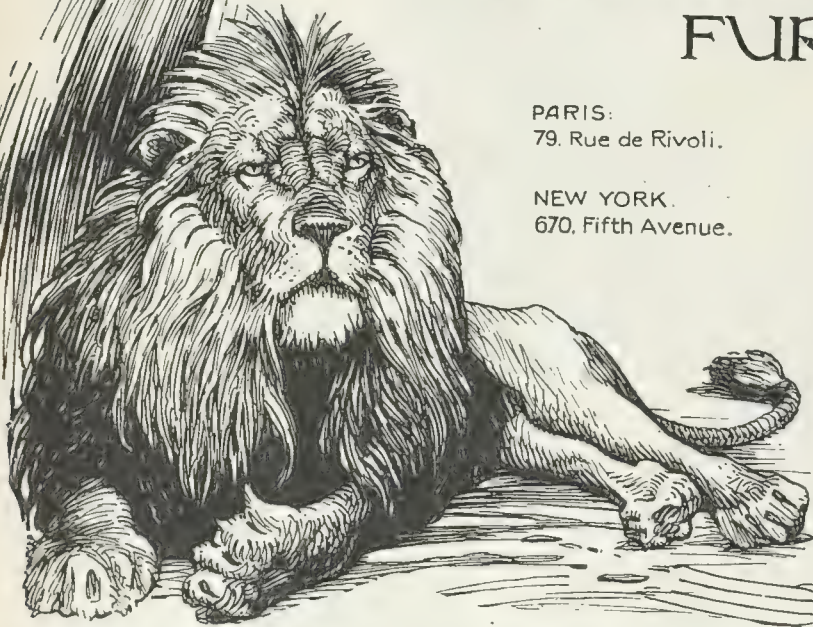
## FURRIERS

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NATURAL APERIENT WATER

Obtainable at all Chemists and  
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"The Gentleness of its action  
makes it particularly adapted  
for Women."—Practitioner.

AS a natural aperient,  
gentle and safe, yet  
effective in its action,  
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Profession.

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The enormous difference in  
value between a fabric which  
fades and one which is fadeless  
is obvious.

The colour element in  
**SUNDOUR  
UNFADABLE  
FABRICS**  
is indestructible, thus  
ensuring lasting harmony  
in home furnishings.

Sundour is made in a  
great variety of fabrics  
including Casement Cloths,  
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Chenilles, Madras Muslins, etc  
also  
**SUNDOUR WASHABLE RUGS**  
for Bathroom, Bedroom or Nursery.

Of all the best Furnishers

Morton Sundour Fabrics Ltd.  
(Trade Only) Carlisle.



## Fein·its!



THE ARTIST: Are there any picturesque ruins about here?

THE SINN FEINER (with expressive glance at the police-station): Not just at present, Sorr; but if ye'd call round about Thursday —"

DRAWN BY FRANK NEWBOULD.

## MOTOR EXHIBITION NOTES.

North British  
Rubber Company  
(Stand No. 223,  
Olympia).

The North British Rubber Company are showing the whole range of their Clincher productions, including the old favourite "Clincher Cross" tyre, which takes the pride of place amongst their exhibits, as this distinctive pattern has so long been recognised as one of the finest rubber non-skid covers on the market. The new Clincher "ribbed" tyre has already proved itself, and other Clincher exhibits will include their grooved and steel-studded patterns. The company are also showing straight-sided covers, of which they were the pioneers in this country several years ago, when they put the Clincher "quick-detachable" tyre upon the market.

Avon Tyres  
(Stand No. 237,  
Olympia).

This famous British tyre firm has not made any radical changes in its well-known types. It hopes, however, to have ready in time for the exhibition an example of straight-sided tyres, upon which independent research and experiment have been going on at Melksham for some months. However, at the time of going to press it is still uncertain, owing to difficulties in obtaining new plant and equipment from the engineering industry, which alone prevented an earlier commencement of this new production. The Avon Company is fully satisfied with the simple yet amply proven design of its familiar Sunstone tyre, with its design of clean-cut grooves regularly spaced across the tread, and it will, of course, be a leading feature of the stand. As a plain cover the company is showing its fluted pattern. There is also on exhibition the Avon steel-studded cover, of which a useful feature is its protective strip of special material between the base of the rivets and the casing, giving added life.

Palmer Tyres  
(Stand No. 378,  
White City).

These tyres, which have built up for themselves such a remarkable reputation upon Brooklands as well as for road work, especially upon very heavily bodied cars, such as the King's big special Daimler, are being shown in full range, from the largest down to the smaller sizes. Last year, owing to lack of space upon the cramped accessory stands, the Palmer Company was unable to show its well-known cord-laying machine, which was always such a popular feature at Olympia before the war. This year, however, owing to increased room, it is in a position to revive this favourite exhibit, which always draws a crowd.

Anglo-American  
Oil Company  
(Stand No. 445,  
White City).

This company, whose name and products are familiar to every motor-user, is showing a representative collection of the motor-fuel and oils generally associated with it. However, from the exhibition point of view, by far the most noticeable feature of the stand, to which the greater part of the limited space is given, is a Gilbert and Barker petrol bulk-storage installation, which will be of practical interest to all motorists in these days of increasing fuel difficulties. This Company is to be congratulated upon having introduced it this year in response to public demand, when their principal rivals point blank refused to countenance bulk distribution.

Messrs. H. M.  
Hobson, Ltd.  
(Stand No. 173,  
Olympia).

This firm is exhibiting various specialties, amongst which the principal is naturally the well-known Claudel-Hobson carburetter; which has such a splendid record behind it of the widest range, from racing cars to heavy lorries and aeroplanes. Another interesting exhibit is a window-regulator, which has been fitted as standard on many cars across the Atlantic for some years past, such as the Packard and the Pierce Arrow. Demonstration windows will be on view, showing the minimum of effort required to operate a large heavy plate-glass window, together with ease of control and mechanical perfection, which obviate all fear of breakage.

Messrs. Brown  
Brothers, Ltd.  
(Stand No. 169,  
Olympia).

This large firm of accessory merchants, who handle such an infinite variety, is giving a wide display of "Duco" specialties, including grease tight gaiters for leaf springs, which not only protect the springs from wet, mud, and grit, but maintain a film of grease between the leaves. An interesting novelty is the Duplex mechanical tyre pump, which is very compact and ingenious. It is six inches long by four inches in diameter, and supplied ready as a standard chassis fitting to be driven off some rotating part of the engine, or electric or power driven for garage use. Another ingenious innovation is the Apax plug-cleaner, consisting of an aluminium chamber containing a multitude of steel needles. When half-filled with petrol, the plug is screwed into it and shaken violently, thereby rapidly cleaning the interior of the plug. Amongst other lines are Eto accessories and replacements for Ford cars, Jackson's car polish for coach-work and upholstery, John Bull mascots, and a great variety of tools.

POPE & BRADLEY  
Civil Military & Naval Tailors  
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.



DEHUMANIZED

## FACING THE FACTS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

These are unmusical times and I am going to strike some horribly discordant notes. I hate them and so will most who read, therefore the joyous irresponsibles must hurriedly pass along to the lures of literary lingerie.

If I were not held fast in the chains of commerce, I should like to sit on a high fence in the Isle of Man (where the Income Tax is as light as the morals of to-day) and laugh sardonically at the spectacle of Europe squelching through its morass of debt to its blessed but chaotic Peace.

Chaos, economic and financial, reigns to-day.

Not only did the rulers of the world make a ghastly mess of their conduct of the War, but they are now making a miserable failure of their conduct of the Peace.

The doctrine of Force and Hate is still being preached and practised by the rulers of nearly every country. And this despite its colossal failure.

Hate is the cancer that is gnawing the soul of the world.

We need new doctrines, new ideals, new orientations.

The two ugly sisters, Force and Hate, have ruled the European household too long. Tolerance, the new Cinderella of Politics, should be allowed her dance.

Financially, Europe has made a blazing bonfire of her paper money, and her credit has now to be rescued from the ashes.

To rehabilitate credit Britain must realise a few primary essentials.

She must immediately resume trade relations with Russia (even though Russia is now a political prairie fire instead of our once beloved steam-roller).

She must encourage trade with the erstwhile Central Powers. For if we do not give them the opportunity of re-establishing themselves, we cannot possibly get a penny of the indemnity.

She must remember that hundreds of thousands of men were asked to die in the trenches for the freedom of small nations. And she must set an example to the world by giving Ireland the long-promised freedom she demands.

She must seek by every means in her power to cement a real friendship with America, for without America's aid a solid reconstruction of Europe will be impossible.

She must study like a miser every farthing of national expenditure. For continued extravagance in unproductive experiments will soon complete our ruin.

She must let Labour understand, not by threats, but in clean, statesmanlike terms, that England is now a poor, struggling, over-taxed, and debt-ridden country, with decades of toil to be faced before national prosperity can be regained.

If the present policy of evasion is continued, it will inevitably lead to national disaster and Bolshevism.

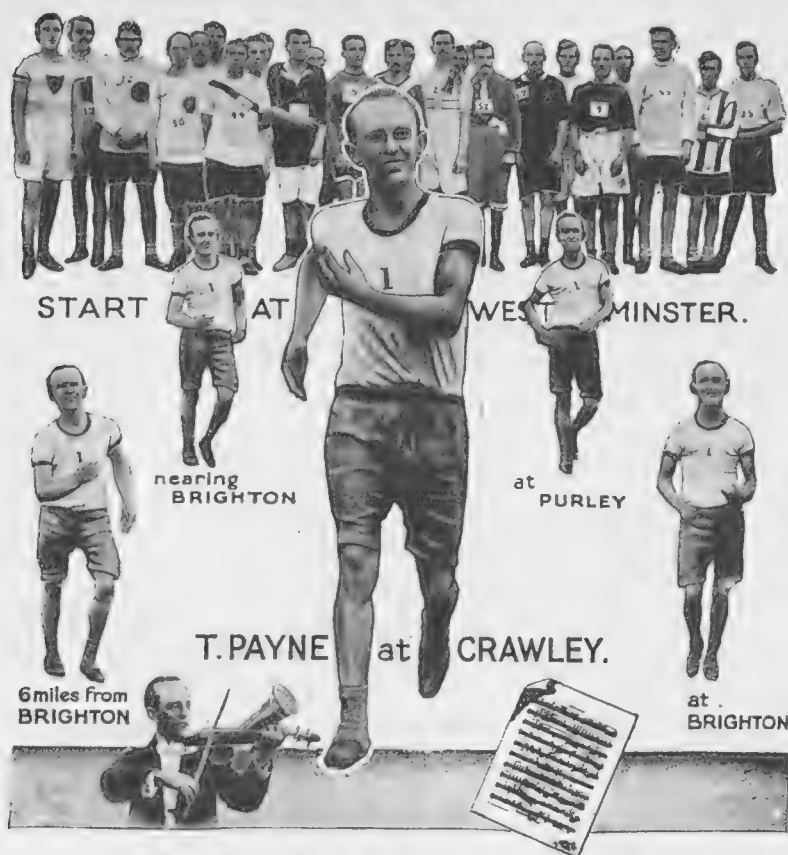
The day of Opportunism is past. The crying need of the hour is for Statesmanship.

I think my pessimism is disgusting, but somebody has got to tell the unpalatable truth. The following prices are unpalatable, but at present costs there is little profit in them, which is—to me—another disgusting truth. Lounge Suits from £12 12s. od. Dress Suits from £16 16s. od. Dinner Suits from £18 18s. od. Overcoats from £10 10s.

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17 in. by 12 in., at 1s. each.

14 OLD BOND STREET W.  
2, 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.  
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER





## MR. TOM PAYNE,

The World-Famous Musician-Athlete.

THE WINNER IN ONE WEEK OF THE LONDON-TO-BRIGHTON WALK, Sept. 25, 1920. Time, 8 hours 21 mins. 33  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs., and Manchester-to-Blackpool walk, Oct. 2, 1920. Time, 8 hours, 41 mins. 17 secs.

Amateur Champion Long-Distance Pedestrian. Holder of the World's Non-stop Record. The only man to accomplish the wonderful feat of walking the incredible distance of 127 miles and 543 yards in 24 hours, without stopping for a single moment.

Mr. TOM PAYNE, the World's Non-Stop Record Holder, writes:

"I wish to testify to the excellent benefits I have received from the use of Phosferine. To keep up to form as a Long-Distance Champion Pedestrian I am obliged to lead the life strenuous and train hard, which entails great physical effort. Also to keep up to first-class standard as a Violinist, I must practise many hours every day, which draws greatly on the nerve reserves (to say nothing of the physical). Thanks to Phosferine I am able to retain my fitness for my Athletics and my Music."

This renowned athlete frankly acknowledges that it is Phosferine, and Phosferine alone, that provides him with the reserve of nerve and physical force to accomplish his marvellous feats of pedestrianism. He is only one of hundreds of men and women who have won honour and renown in the world of athletics who use Phosferine regularly so as to be certain of keeping "fit."

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

# PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

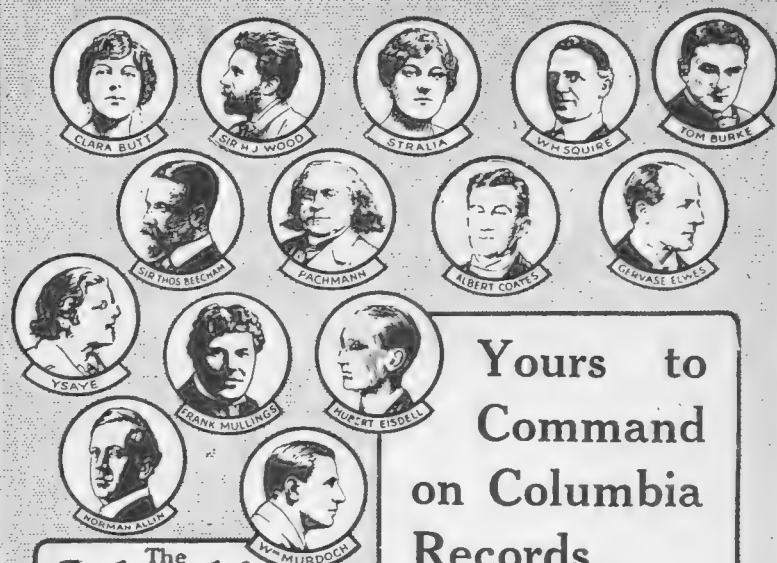
Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Sleeplessness	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Exhaustion	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Nerve Shock
Nervous Debility	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

### SPECIAL BUSINESS NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for Business Men and Women, all Outdoor Workers, Travellers, Sportsmen, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.



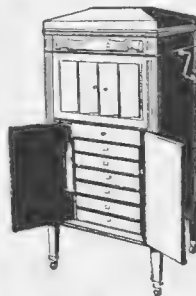
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Command  
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Records.**

The  
**Columbia  
GRAFONOLA**

—the  
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that has  
set the  
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for over  
25 years

Prices from £8 8s. to  
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buying an instrument ask  
to see the motor—there  
is none to match  
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THE NEW  
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RECORDS & GRAFONOLAS



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

### Gloriously Handsome.

Any visit of the King and Queen of Spain always means some entertaining, for they have many friends among their contemporaries here. They enjoy themselves immensely, and their decision to visit the wonderful exhibition of Spanish pictures at Burlington House was quite an event. Another Royal visitor who was born here, and lived here until her marriage at Kingston-on-Thames, is the Duchess of Aosta, whose husband is first-cousin to the King of Italy. She is a sister of Queen Amélie, and is as fair as her Majesty is dark. As tall as her elder sister, and much more slight in build, hers is a striking appearance. Once, when she was in the prime of her beauty, she was at a great reception at Lansdowne House dressed all in white and wearing a wonderful parure of emeralds and diamonds. She looked superb, and everyone who did not know her asked who the gloriously handsome woman was.

### The Golf Face.

Always keen about golf, people will be keener than ever now that our Royal idol has shown himself a golfer good and true. Has anyone ever watched women's faces as they play? I have. They pucker up their eyes, frown, screw up their mouths, and do all sorts of queer things. A friend, conscious of this, tells me that before golfing she pats on, very gently, some Valaze Tissue Food, and then a little of Mme. Helena Rubinstein's protective powder. This, she says, prevents the face creasing and leaving lines. The same process she also goes through if she is going motoring in an open car, which she infinitely prefers to a closed one. There are, of course, as many varieties of skins as there are faces. It is therefore wisdom to go to 24, Grafton Street, for treatment if possible, and to be put by expert opinion on the right lines. If this is not possible, a perfectly frank and lucid explanation of defects to Mme. Rubinstein is the next best method of getting rid of them.

**Enjoying Bachelorhood.** The Prince of Wales has lost his heart. This is not the beginning of a leader about a mystery wife for our Heir-



Photo, Talma.

All sombreness is taken away from this black-and-silver gown by the large shell-pink medallions which adorn the skirt.

Apparent. The loss in question is one to which his Royal Highness confesses freely, and it is a loss with which his matrimonial intentions are not concerned. It is a safe loss, even in the matter of numbers, for three wolf-hounds share the Prince's lost heart between them. He met them "way down under," and says he never saw such beautiful eyes as they had, and such strong, graceful bodies. I hear that even the Prince's brothers, and his one much-loved sister, have had no confidences from him about a future Princess. It is a non-discussable subject, and no announcement need be looked for just yet. Meanwhile, his Royal Highness is immensely enjoying bachelorhood.

### Make the Most of Them.

The apparently care-free miners are giving the people of this right little, tight little island a bad quarter-of-an-hour; for first they will and then they won't settle up and go back to work. Whatever betide, we know now that our grates will not be lavishly filled this winter. There are, however, other ways to keep warm, and none better than wearing the King Cardinal of all underwear, "Wolsey." It fits with the utmost comfort whatever type of figure of man, woman, and child. The British Wolsey Company spin their own yarn, and make, pack, and label the garments before distributing them to the retailers. Only in this way could they see at every stage of production that the highest standard of excellence was preserved.

[Continued overleaf.]

### JUNIOR MODEL

Boots or shoes for men in Brown and Black Calf and Patent, smart, distinctive and durable.



Dressiness without ostentation is the keynote of the Walk-Over Junior model. A shoe or boot that clings to the foot without restricting its natural movements, and enhances the appearance of the wearer by the quality of its materials and excellence of its workmanship. Essentially the model for ordinary town wear.

Special Attention given to orders received by post.

# Walk-Over

## BOOTS & SHOES

WALK-OVER SHOE CO. (George E. Keith,) British Stores Ltd.

Head Office: 372, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1.



Branches:—London—227, Oxford Street, W. 1.—139-140, Cheapside, E.C.2.—80, Strand, W.C.2.—30, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.—15, Brompton Road, S.W.1.—135, Regent St., W. 1.  
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## Diamond Wrist Watches



**B**ENSON'S are offering excellent value in Diamond Wrist Watches. The collection at present in stock includes the latest designs in Platinum and Gold.

The Wrist Watch illustrated above on a Moire silk band is set with Diamonds in Platinum, and fitted with a high quality movement. At the price, it represents the best value obtainable. **£30**

*J.W. Benson Ltd.*

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4,  
and  
25, OLD BOND ST., W.1.



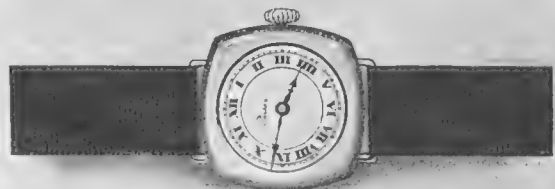
# Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

GOLD WATCH WRISTLETS



18-ct. Lever Watch on Black Ribbon Band.  
£11 15 0



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76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



FRANCE is now offering  
us at a moderate price

## Golden Guinea

THE FINEST FRENCH  
SPARKLING MUSCATEL

### GOLDEN GUINEA

is a medium dry sparkling Wine possessing the well-known flavour of the MUSCAT Grapes, which is so much appreciated.

### GOLDEN GUINEA

is the produce of the choicest vineyards in France, and only the finest Grapes are selected from the vines.

### GOLDEN GUINEA

is made by exactly the same process as the best vintage champagne, and not artificially aerated like many cheap Sparkling Wines.

If you cannot obtain supplies in your district,  
write for particulars to the Wholesale Agents.

GOLDEN GUINEA, 15, Charlotte St., W.1.



# 'ROWE' SERGES

"The Bloom of the Grape—the Strength of the Vine"

The beauty of Rowe Serge is permanent. Dyed and finished by special processes, matured and conditioned by old-fashioned, leisurely methods, its rich mellowness is not just a surface finish. The wearing qualities of Rowe Serge are due to careful selection of the longest and purest staples, to unhurried skilled manufacture, and to the patient elimination of faults.

The finished garment, whether it be a Youth's School or Business Suit, or a pair of Footer Shorts, a Girl's Coat and Skirt, or a Gym Frock, is tailored by methods far removed from mass-production principles—it is the product of individual skilled craftsmen.

Every size and style of garment for Boys' and Girls' wear can be supplied from Rowe Navy Serge at very moderate prices.



**ROWE**  
Wm. Rowe & Co Limited  
106 NEW BOND ST. W.1

Bunty asks for more!



**Green's**  
**Chocolate Mould**

Already Sweetened with Pure Sugar only  
is Chocolate in Chocolate's  
■ most delicious form. ■

The Children Simply love it  
prepared by  
**Greens of Brighton**

Manufacturers of Green's Sponge Mixture, Green's Jellies,  
Green's Custard, etc.

H. J. Green & Co Ltd

Continued.]

This is a necessity, because they guarantee themselves responsible for each garment, and will replace any found to shrink in wash or wear. We ought to consider ourselves a happy community to have such luxurious preventives of chills at our disposal, and should make the most of them.



Photo. G.P.A.

Short coats, eminently suited for walking, are greatly the vogue in Paris.

"Puffectly Elegant."

Shoes are surely at their most ornamental just now. The other night it happened that I was where some very smart young people were gathered together. Said a friend, "I am divided which more to admire—the waists of the boys or the feet of the girls." Certainly the figures of the boys were, to quote an American woman, "puffectly elegant," and, if accomplished without corsets, spoke very highly for sartorial skill in our dear little London. But the feet of the girls were far more fascinating. A pair of silver shoes had little gold wing-feathers studded with brilliants folded over a beautiful instep. A jade-green pair of shoes had white wing-feathers similarly placed. A Persian-blue pair of shoes had high heels encrusted with diamonds. Indeed, they were dear little shoes, whatever way you took them.

Discovery in Anti-Profitteering.

Wails about the expense of dress are useless while there are such dainty, charming, effective, and becoming frocks at Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street, as I saw in their fine salons a day or two ago. Shot taffetas dance frocks with dainty little early Victorian

touches about them in the way of tiny silken nosegays, at 6½ guineas, were in varied and always lovely colours. For 8½ guineas there were remarkably becoming frocks with pointed bodices, and having tulle lightly draped over charmingly pretty skirts, and other delightful daintinesses. Crêpe-de-Chine and lace tea-gowns, graceful, dignified, and dressy enough for home dinners, were 65s. 9d.; and in velvet, 98s. 6d. Crêpe-de-Chine afternoon-gowns, with plenty of kilting and well draped in various favourite colours, and having smart beaded girdles, were 7 guineas. This, at a first-rate house like Walpole's, is surely a discovery in anti-profitteering.

Ideal and Individual.

The ideal hat is the head-covering that suits its job. Mere man makes a very limited number of typical hats do for him. Woman, on the other hand, wants hats for all sorts of occasions: motoring, weddings, bridge, shopping, and for the afternoon dance—oh, above all for the afternoon dance! At Edelle's, 30, New Bond Street, there is no limit to the ideal hat, and the ideal is always original; and that is as delightful as it is unusual. There are hats in Persian blue and gold embroidery, some in orange and russet leather embroidery, others in wonderful brocades and in plaited chenille scattered over with shiny substance of its own colour.



A bodice and under-skirt of shot taffetas with a full tunic of silk net form a charming toilette, which can be had from Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, W.

## Give a man a friend for Life this Xmas—The Gillette is a Gift par excellence.

THE practical spirit of giving a man something he can use—something which serves a specified purpose—is more evident this year than ever.

Gillette Safety Razors have always been popular gifts for men. Practical to a degree the Gillette adds immeasurably to a man's personal comfort. Shaving every day becomes a pleasant—almost welcome—task to every Gillette user.

Considering its unique service the Gillette is an economical gift—made in a variety of styles. Every model is built on the world-famous Gillette principle—No stropping—No honing—to take the standard Gillette double-edge blades.

# Gillette

SAFETY RAZOR

GILLETTE COMBINATION SET consists of Triple Silver-plated Razor, Shaving Brush and Stick of Gillette Shaving Soap in Nickel-plated Holders, Two Blade Boxes, and 12 double-edged Blades, all contained in leather Case . . . . . 37/6

Obtainable at all Stores, Cutlers, Ironmongers, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Canteens.

Illustrated Booklet of the full range of Gillette models post free.

Gillette Safety Razor Ltd., 184-188, Gt. Portland St., London, W.1.



# Muratti

## "ARISTON" Cigarettes

(Choicest Dubec).

For Refined Tastes.

ARISTON				
Gold Tipped (22ct.)				
100	...	...	11/-	
50	...	...	5/6	
20	...	...	2/3	

ARISTON				
No. 10.				
100	...	...	11/-	
50	...	...	5/6	
25	...	...	2/9	
10	...	...	1/3	

From all leading Tobacconists

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, apply to  
MURATTI, Ltd., West End Depot—28, Piccadilly, London, W.1. ©A.B.



Now-a-days it's  
**BARKER  
and  
DOBSON'S**  
CHOCOLATE

Again!

**Barker & Dobson's! How delightful!**

A pure food, the centre flavoured with real juices  
of luscious fruits.

### BARKER & DOBSON'S Chocolate *Liquid Fruits*

are a novelty in chocolates, fast becoming as popular as  
they are delightful. That's why "Now-a-days it's Barker  
and Dobson's Chocolate."

Buy to-day a 1 lb. or 2 lb. box. Most high-class retailers stock them.

If you have difficulty in obtaining, send us name and address of  
your dealer, with threepence for postage of a **FREE SAMPLE**.

Manufacturers: **BARKER & DOBSON, Ltd., EVERTON, LIVERPOOL**



## You should buy SOROSIS—



**STYLE S 322**  
'Soros' Black  
Glacé Kid Lace  
Boot, patent cap,  
medium toe,  
welted walking  
sole, smart Cuban  
heel.

**Price 50/-**

because, in their great variety,  
they offer you the fullest scope for  
the satisfaction of your individual  
taste.

You should buy Sorosis, not  
only because their workmanship  
and quality are unexcelled, but  
also because they fit from the first  
to the last time of wearing.

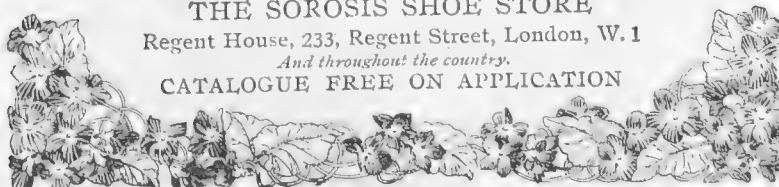
Lastly, you should buy Sorosis  
because they are truly economical.

There is a 'Soros' Store near  
to you.

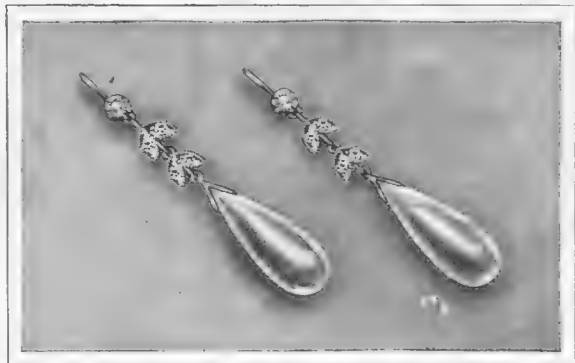
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*The  
World's Finest*

THE SOROSIS SHOE STORE  
Regent House, 233, Regent Street, London, W.1  
And throughout the country.  
CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION



### A Gift Suggestion.



Pearl, Diamond  
& Chinese Jade  
Earrings.

£7 15 0

Selected from  
our large range  
of beautiful Ear-  
rings at inex-  
pensive prices.

12

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**DOWN** throughout the ages the  
fascination of precious gems has  
allured women and charmed men.

Thus, the gift of precious Jewellery to a woman has be-  
come the most popular—though most expensive—of gifts.

Fortunately it is possible nowadays to purchase gems of rare  
charm and perfect design at reasonable prices.

And at Perry's, of Regent Street, you will find a very large and  
varied selection of such jewellery suitable for all gift purposes.

If you cannot call and select your gift at our  
Showrooms, write for our Gift-book to-day.

Whether you order by post or personal call, we will exchange  
or return your purchase money if you are not perfectly satisfied.

## T. & J. Perry

Jewellers and Silversmiths,

Only Address:

124 Regent St., London, W.1

Telephone: 2389 Regent.

Established 1898

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

## GERMANY'S FINANCE.

**A**BOUT twelve months ago we pointed out that Germany's financial position was such that we could see no attraction in the purchase of marks, which was at that moment looked upon by many as a short road to wealth. A year ago there were notes in circulation to the extent of some 30 milliard marks: since then the printing presses have been working to such good—or bad—effect that the total has been increased to about 62 milliards, which is covered by little over one milliard marks in gold.

The prime cause of this lamentable state of affairs is failure of the Government to balance expenditure and income, and it is difficult to see how the position is to be prevented from going from bad to worse, unless something very drastic is achieved.

Dr. Wirth's Budget statement in the Reichstag showed that a further 40 milliard marks will have to be borrowed this year and, presumably, added to the unfunded debt, which at present amounts to 157 milliards. This will undoubtedly mean still further inflation.

Very little of the estimated revenue will be available for the internal services of the country, as the expenses of the Army of Occupation and the service of the debt absorb over 90 per cent. of the estimated total.

No new proposals commensurate with the gravity of the position were put forward, and it is difficult to see how the country is to extract itself from the quagmire. The writer who during the war expressed the view that "the loser would have nothing but the price of peace" seems, if anything, to have understated the case: the loser appears to have even less than that; and those who are relying on reparations to alleviate taxation over here are, we fear, leaning on a very broken reed.

## MINCING LANE.

Once upon a time, when Mincing Lane was inhabited largely by Englishmen, it was quite a pleasant place in which to do business, whether markets were good or bad. Of recent years, however, there has been an influx of gentlemen from the Continent, with the result that neither the standard of business morality nor the amenities of existence have been improved. This has been unusually apparent during the last week. We hear of what practically amounted to a brawl in the street between two dealers, and neither of their names was English. Outside the office of one of the largest rubber brokers a big crowd was attracted by the behaviour of a foreign dealer who considered he had a grievance. So

long as the brokers continue to encourage and finance the speculative accounts of this type of person, so long will they run the risk of this kind of unpleasantness, and of losses such as they have experienced on one or two occasions lately.

If they have facilities to extend, let them be offered to English firms who are doing a steady merchant's business. It would be better for the Lane and better for the country.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Been to the Motor Show yet?" asked The Broker.

"Not me," replied The Jobber, gloomy as Hamlet. "Once upon a time I had wild ideas of a two-seater, but those days are past. Gone without recall. Have you been?"

"Yes; I like to see what's going on, even if I can't afford to buy what's offered. And some day I may be able to sport a car, when Rolls-Royce amalgamate with Fords and chauffeurs become cheaper."

"I see a good many dealings in S.T.D.," remarked The Engineer.

"The shares ought not to be expensive at a pound."

"Is it a new Oil syndicate?" innocently inquired The City Editor.

"No, Sir. Sunbeam-Talbot-Darracq."

"Oh yes, of course," nodded The City Editor. "Silly of me to forget. Well, I believe these motor shares, if you stick to the good ones, will come home some day. People aren't going to be economical for ever."

"They've got to go gently until some of the losses are made up," The Merchant averred. "It's all very fine congratulating ourselves upon prices coming down, but what of the poor manufacturer who has to liquidate stocks at a loss? Answer me that. If you can."

"You remind me," quoth The Broker, "of the little girl who said, 'Oh, look! there's a poor lion that hasn't got a Christian!' when her mother took her to the cinema."

"All very well for you to laugh," said The Merchant; "but heaps of people are cutting big losses in having to sell their stuff because they can't export it, or pay bank-charges any longer. Look at clothes, boots, silver, leather, motor-cars—"

"You're a trifle sweeping, aren't you? But take it the other way round. When prices were on the rise, and a particular trade had an all-round advance of prices, the man with a big stock suddenly found himself so much the better off, for a purely arbitrary and artificial reason."

"Some people sold their existing stocks at the previous prices."

The Carriage cheered ironically.

"You can say what you like," The Merchant defied them. "But I tell you that the present state of affairs—the slump, and all that—will make itself felt pretty sharply in dividends for the next year or two."

*[Continued overleaf.]*

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON  
PIANOS.

## ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN

LTD.

PIANOFORTE MERCHANTS &amp; MANUFACTURERS,

65, Wigmore Street, London, and Park Row, Leeds.

Repairs effected by a skilled staff.

Pianos Stored.

PIANOS BY THE WORLD'S BEST MAKERS.

Dame CLARA BUTT writes:

"There is no doubt your THREE-COMPARTMENT TOP LID is a splendid idea. It gives so much more space in a room, through not having the awkward corner. I am delighted with mine."

## Your Grand Piano

You must have noticed that very  
AWKWARD and dangerous CORNER

This can be obviated by having the lid converted into the  
Patent Three-Compartment Top Lid, which alteration can be  
made without the removal of the piano.

Kindly send for Booklet giving  
particulars and cost.



OLD STYLE OF LID.

Sir EDWARD ELGAR writes:

"Many thanks for making the alteration to the piano. The convenience is beyond words. You are to be congratulated upon your invention. Everyone possessing a grand piano should adopt your improvement on the old-fashioned lid."

Branch Establishments at  
NEWCASTLE, SCARBOROUGH, DONCASTER, DARLINGTON, MIDDLESBROUGH,  
SUNDERLAND.

## SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere" says:—  
A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste.

Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Bystander" says:—  
In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces.

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with  
18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case,

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

From  
£2 : 2 : 0

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Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

**SESSEL** (Bourne, Ltd.),

14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.



# BEAUTY

"—doubtless the greatest value of a woman is her beauty." Cibber, 1671-1757

The women of the twentieth century have wider interests—take a more active part in the world's affairs—than those of the seventeenth.

Yet it is doubtful if the verdict of the majority would differ very materially from that expressed above—with regard to the importance of beauty.

Beauty is a wonderful asset, socially, professionally, psychologically, and the woman who allows facial deterioration and defects to pass unchecked, is not only unwise, but is neglecting a duty.

Madame Helena Rubinstein, whose wonderful methods of Beauty Culture have been world-famed for the past 22 years, is not content to rest on her laurels, but has recently evolved some marvellous new treatments, including safe and certain remedies for the following:—

Scars and Birthmarks,  
Warts, moles and "broken veins,"  
Falling hair (scalp treatment),  
Lines around eyes, "crowsfeet,"  
Deep facial lines completely  
eradicated in 2 or 3 sittings.

All treatments are given by, or under the personal supervision of, a qualified Lady Doctor.

Amongst other important treatments at the

## "VALAZE" SALONS

may be numbered those for:—

Sunburn and Freckles,	Loss of Contour,
Blackheads, Open Pores,	Double Chin, Red Nose,
Rashes and Spots,	Superfluous Hairs,
Beautifying Hands, Arms,	Facial Relaxation.
Throat,	

Private consultations given daily, also advice by post.  
Write for brochure and descriptions of the wonderful  
Valaze Beauty Preparations for Home Treatment.

Mme. HELENA RUBINSTEIN  
24 Grafton St. (Opposite Hay-Hill), Bond St., London, W.1  
NEW YORK: 46 West 57th Street. PARIS, MELBOURNE, etc.

## Fashionable Velvet Hats at Special Prices



ATTRACTIVE HAT  
(as sketch) in black velvet, trimmed  
smart ornament of black silk peter-  
sham with gold and coloured wool  
embroidery.

Price 3½ Gns.

DEBENHAM  
& FREEBODY  
(DEBENHAMS Ltd.)

Wigmore Street, Cavendish  
Square, London, W.1



Complexion  
Reflection

THE woman who consistently uses Field's Fleur-de-Lys Vanishing Cream knows that her mirror will always reflect a lovely complexion that is peach-like in its bloom and freshness. Field's is found on the toilet tables of many thoughtful women because of its ability to preserve and increase the natural beauty of its users. It is the best and safest way of obtaining a beautiful delicate complexion, and of keeping the skin velvety soft, supple and white.

## Field's FLEUR-DE-LYS Vanishing Cream

Field's Fleur-de-Lys Face Powder is a daintily perfumed, finely sifted powder that adheres readily and effectively softens and protects the skin. In Naturelle, Blanche and Rachel.

FIELD'S FLEUR-DE-LYS TOILET PREPARATIONS  
(The Series with the black and gold diamonds).

Vanishing Cream .. 1/3	Bath Crystals .. 2/-
Toilet Cream .. 10 d.	Brilliantine (solid) 1/3
Face Powder .. 1/9	Shaving Stick .. 1/-
Dental Cream .. 1/3	.. Cream .. 1/3
Talcum Powder .. 1/3	Toilet Soap (3 tabs.) 1/9

Daintily perfumed with Attar of Roses.

J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd., London, S.E.1.  
Established 1842, in the reign of Charles I.

## Model No. 9 Elastic Corset with Cosy Back

In frilled elastic, white or pink. Fitted with a pair of suspenders. Depth 9½ inches.  
Sizes 20—26.

15/9

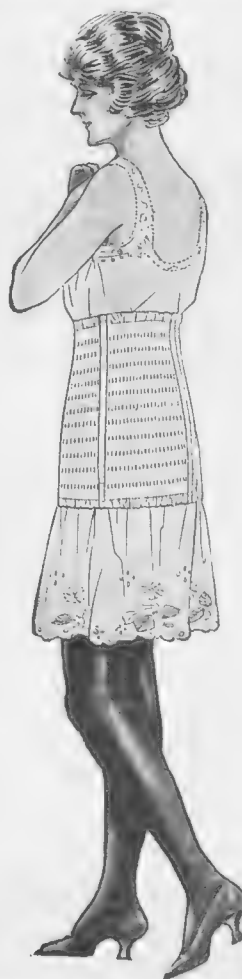
Write for Art folder, "Examples of Modern Corsetry," a beautifully illustrated brochure, sent post free, together with name of nearest agent.

"Art steps in where Nature fails."

## WORTH'S CORSETS

LTD.,

3, Hamsell Street,  
LONDON, E.C. 1.



## The Coat to keep you warm as well as dry

The "LINGFIELD."  
In genuine West  
of England Co-  
verts, only 5½ Gns.

Pre-War Standard  
Cloths.

The "CHANDOS"  
A beautifully light  
weight real water-  
proof, cleverly  
designed to wear  
over thick clothing  
or furs. The Ideal  
Wrap for the  
motor. 7 choice  
shades, only 5½ Gns.

Featherweight Silk  
Waterproofs,  
4½ Gns.

The A.1 Stormproof  
A smartly-belted reli-  
able Waterproof in  
4 shades.  
A marvel  
of value at 2 Gns.

COATS ON APPROVAL  
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Estd. 1850.  
**Elvery's**  
Limited

Elephant House,  
31 CONDUIT ST.  
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One door from  
New Bond St.

And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork.

ELVERY'S Waterproofs have stood the test of years.

**99 Gns**  
**NET CASH**

*A model Coat in finest  
Musquash with shawl  
collar of natural skunk  
(Usual Price 150 gns)*



### CHEAPER FURS

*Skins have dropped 25%  
in price, which means that  
NEXT YEAR Furs will  
be cheaper.*

*We are willing, however, to  
give our clients the benefit  
NOW, so have reduced the  
cost of our entire stock by 25%.*

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THE NATIONAL FUR COMPANY

103, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.  
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### NEW TAILORED SHIRT

ALL our Shirts are our own  
exclusive productions. They  
are exceptionally well cut from  
dependable materials and entirely  
fill the present demand for practical  
and becoming shirts at particularly  
moderate prices.

Perfectly tailored SHIRT  
(as sketch), made in washing  
striped taffeta, the long flat  
collar is finished with loose  
knot of black Crêpe-de-Chine,  
small handkerchief pockets  
trim the fronts. In white  
with black stripes only.

Price 49/6

Sizes 13½ to 15.

#### SPECIAL OFFER!

A ribbed all-wool  
Cashmere Stocking,  
full fashioned in tan,  
nigger, dark mole,  
mole, grey. Sizes:  
9, 9½, 10 inch.

To-day's value 9/11.

Special price 4/11



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SNELGROVE**

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
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By Appointment.

### Artistic Boudoir Gowns in Novelty Printed Chiffon Velvet.

Exclusive designs made in  
our own workrooms on the  
premises by highly skilled  
workers.

**Cosy Boudoir Wrap** in chiffon  
Velvet, printed floral design, in  
artistic colours, made to slip over  
head, finished with smoke fur round  
neck, wide sleeves, and foot of skirt  
drawn into a band of fur.

7½ Gns.

#### SPECIAL OFFER.

**Jap Silk Wadded Quilts**  
(British Make)

In beautiful shades of Rose, Saxe  
Blue, Green, Red, Pale Blue, and  
Pale Pink.

Single bed size 49/6  
Double " " 69/6

*Harvey Nichols*  
*of Knightsbridge, S.W.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

**DERRY  
& TOMS**

"Quality & Service"

Kensington High Street, W.8.

### JUMPER BLOUSES

The usefulness, adapta-  
bility and dainty charm  
of this Season's Jumper  
Blouses find full expression  
in this graceful model.

#### 'Clarice'

A dainty Jumper, its round  
neck and short sleeves are bound  
with roulets of self colour.  
Daintily embroidered with  
Richelieu Work and hemstitch-  
ing. Shades: Ivory, Sky, Pink,  
Navy, Black. Other shades can  
be made to order. Price

**45/-**

Our Xmas Catalogue is nearly  
ready. Make sure of YOUR  
Copy by writing TO-DAY!







## Evening Shoes

THE Norvic Shoe illustrated is a black broche court evening shoe with satin fan trimming and dainty brilliant buckle. Other Norvic evening styles are made in black glaze kid & patent coltskin; also in grey velveta calf



# NORVIC

THE SHOE DE LUXE

Name of nearest Agent post free on request

NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH  
(Makers also of Diploma and Mascot for Ladies)

## Dainty Georgette TEAFROCK for Young Ladies

We have always in stock a wonderful variety of dainty and exclusive Teafrocks suitable for young ladies and matrons. The garment illustrated is a typical example.

ATTRACTIVE TEAFROCK (as sketch) for young ladies, in good quality georgette over slip of chiffon and lace, skirt finished at foot with new petal effect, trimmed flowers at waist on contrasting shade of ribbon. In saxe, yellow, emerald, rose, sky, pink, apricot, lavender, champagne, mole brown and black.

PRICE

**7½ Gns.**

Catalogue post free.

Hr. Pure Linen  
Handkerchief, with  
Hand - embroidered  
Initial. Size about  
11 by 11 inches,  
¾ inch hem.

19/6 per dozen.

## Debenham & Freebody.

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1



# MAISON ROSS



Black Satin Hat, with Embroidery and Jet



Black Velvet Hat, trimmed Jet Fan

*The above are two of a selection  
of exclusive Models in Millinery  
designed by the Maison Ross*

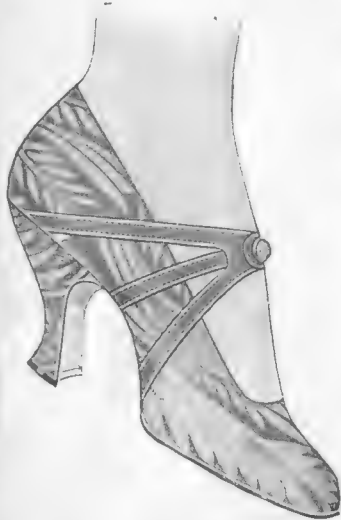
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# The Smartest Footwear in Town



THE "IRENE" SHOE  
In Black or White Satin,  
also Coloured Brocades.

Fine pure Silk Stockings with  
or without open Clox a  
speciality.



THE "RITZ" SHOE  
In Figured Brocades and  
Coloured Satins.

Please write for Illustrated  
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*H. M. Rayne*

58 NEW BOND ST. W.1.  
And  
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By Appointment.

## RELIABLE AND DISTINCTIVE FURS

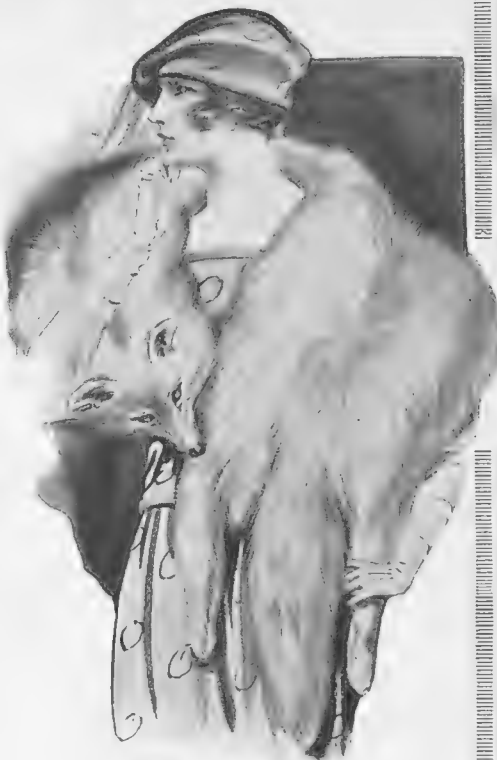
The greatest possible care is given to the selection of our Furs, which are invariably of excellent quality. The skins are scientifically worked in shapes that follow the latest trend of fashion, but at the same time are not so extreme as to carry date.

Fox animal shaped tie made from fine selected white skins

Price 24 Gns.

Smaller sizes from 15 Gns.

Knitting Wools in a large variety of seasonable shades. Ruffle for brushing up 13/4 lb. Sirdar Sports and 4-ply fingering 13/8 lb.



*Harvey Nichols  
of Knightsbridge*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.



## FLEECY WOOLLEN KNITTED SPORTS COAT

MADE from the softest and best quality Alpaca Wool in a good range of shades with contrasting stripes on collar, etc. Beautifully made and finished in new ribbed stitch.

Fleecy Woollen KNITTED COAT (as sketch), made from the softest and best quality Alpaca wool in a good range of shades with contrasting stripes on collar, &c. Beautifully made and finished in new ribbed stitch.

Special Value 63/-

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**  
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W.1

Write for Catalogue.

*Abdo*  
SELF-ADJUSTING

## FOR FULL FIGURES

"Abdo" Corsets are specially recommended by Swan and Edgars Corset Specialist, Mme. d'Origny, whose personal advice on all corset difficulties is freely available through the post or otherwise.



Model 300. In Black Coutil, with a Blue design, 2 sets of Suspender. 22 to 36 in. waist 69/6  
In White Brocade, with design in Rose or Blue. 22 to 38 in. waist ... 79/6  
Also in White Coutil ... 29/6



Model 810. In Pink or Blue Spot Broché Coutil. Low bust rising slightly under arms and across back. Elastic inset at bust, 2 sets of Suspender. 22 to 36 in. waist ... 42/-

**Swan & Edgar LTD**

PICCADILLY CIRCUS LONDON W 1





The "ALEXANDRIA II."  
Smart white drill Helmet with Puggaree. Lined 58/6  
Blue or Green and absolutely Sunproof. Price  
Coat and Breeches, for riding astride, of perfect fit and finish in Raglan Waterproof Suitings.  
The Coat flares smartly 12 Gns. The Breeches lace 8 Gns.  
from Waist ... trimly at Knees.

Silk Shirt of Elegant plainness with Riding Stock 58/6.  
Specialité. Riding Kit for India, South Africa, etc., unobtainable elsewhere.

By Special Appointment  
to H.M. Queen  
Alexandra, H.M. the  
Queen of Norway.

**ROBERT HEATH,**  
of Knightsbridge.



ONLY ADDRESS—  
**37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.**

## SPECIAL

# 16 MOME JAP SILK TAILORED SHIRT

Double Breasted,  
Link Cuff

**32/6**

The Silk will wash repeatedly without impoverishment, and give almost inexhaustible wear. The model is perfectly cut, and finished with selected pearl buttons. Its simplicity is charming, and the value offered is incomparable.

No. J1. Sizes 42, 44, 46 and 48.

COLOUR: IVORY ONLY.

A selection can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer, kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of goods the amount forwarded will be refunded.

**WALPOLE BROTHERS LTD**

89 & 90, NEW BOND ST.,  
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ST., S.W.1.

108 & 110, HIGH ST.,  
KENSINGTON, W.8.



## CHILDREN'S PARTY FROCKS

We have always in stock a wonderful variety of smart and dainty garments for little boys and girls.

DAINTY FROCK (as sketch) in ivory net trimmed goffered frills and mounted over coloured ninon slip; finished sash of broad satin ribbon to tone with slip. In ivory, pink or blue.

Size for 2 years	...	...	59/6
" 3 "	...	...	65/9
" 4 "	...	...	69/6
" 5 "	...	...	75/9

Catalogue post free.

### FINE QUALITY SHOES.



White Buckskin Ankle - Strap Shoe (as sketch).

In sizes 3 to 6 ... per pair	12/9
" " 7 to 10 ... "	15/6
In Bronze Glacé Kid.	
In sizes 3 to 6 ... per pair	16/6
" " 7 to 10 ... "	18/6

**Debenham & Freebody.**  
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London, W. 1



**Jays' LTD.**  
Regent Street, W.1.

THE prevailing fashion for short skirts necessitates wearing smart stockings. Jays' always have in stock a very large selection of all kinds of Hosiery, in silk, cashmere, cotton, and lisle thread, but they make a spécialité of silk stockings. The examples shown here are typical of the varied and distinctive styles to be seen at this Establishment, where the finest Hosiery the world produces is to be obtained.



By Appointment.



Pure Silk Hose, Lisle feet and tops, embroidered or open Clox. Also plain 21/-

Pure Silk Hose with narrow stripes of contrasting colour as illustrated. Price 38/6



Scotch Woollen Golf Hose with checked ankles. Price per pair, 28/6

Balbriggan Cashmere Hose, embroidered Silk Clox. In all colours, 9/6



# DERRY & TOMS

*"Quality & Service"*

Kensington High Street, W.8.

## Quality GOWNS

Elegance combined with practicability, smartness combined with Quality—two important factors in a 'Derry' Gown that explain to a certain extent why the distinctively gowned woman always comes to Derry & Toms.

### 'Ellen'

A heavy Silk Crêpe-de-Chêne Afternoon Gown; the style is simple but smart—cut on Chemise lines with skirt gaugings to finish top of skirt. The waist sash is of self Crêpe-de-Chêne lined Ivory, also Ivory Piping on sleeves and round neck. Colours available are Nut Brown and Navy. **5 Gns**

## INEXPENSIVE PETTICOATS

WE have specially designed and made in our own workrooms a large number of attractive and inexpensive Petticoats, of which sketch is a typical example. The value of these Petticoats is exceptional.

Inexpensive PETTICOAT in good quality paillette (soft satin finish) hemstitched hem and small frills at side, also finished hemstitching. Elastic waist. Obtainable in grey, rust, amethyst, purple, saxe, jade, champagne, and pale pink.

Price 25/9

### SPECIAL OFFER!

In all-wool black Cashmere Stockings, full-fashioned.

To-day's value 8/6.

Special price 5/6



## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W.1

Write for Catalogue.

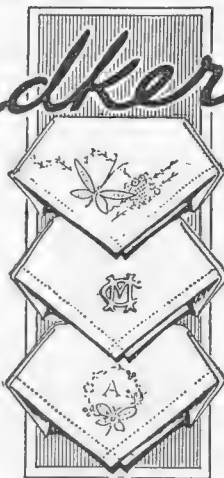


# Handkerchiefs

are always welcomed, no matter whom the recipient may be, especially if their usefulness is enhanced by the beauty and long-wearing qualities associated with those produced by the famous linen manufacturers,

ROBINSON & CLEAVER.

Write to-day for a copy of our latest Illustrated Handkerchief Catalogue No. 38N. It will be sent post free.



No. 13324.—Ladies' pure Linen Handkerchiefs, embroidered corner. Size about 12½ in. narrow hem. Per dozen **28/6**

No. 40.—Ladies' fine Linen Handkerchiefs, hand embroidered Two-Letter Monogram. Size about 12½ ins. Per dozen **18/11**

No. 808.—Ladies' Pure Linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs with embroidered Initial. Size about 12½ in. Per dozen **22/-**

Cuttings of the Handkerchiefs illustrated here will also be sent post free on request. We guarantee the delivery of all parcels to customer's address.

**Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.**  
LINEN Manufacturers, BELFAST.

## CURRIED DISHES

*Just as they are prepared in India*

Curried dishes are a great delicacy. You can enjoy the most appetizing dishes, made just as they have them in India, if you use the original and only genuine preparation,

## HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

Other delicious preparations made by Halford's are

Curry Paste Curried Prawns  
Curried Mutton Curry Sauce  
Curried Rabbit Curried Crab  
Curried Beans Curried Fowl  
Curried Lobster

which are ready for immediate use.  
Of all stores and grocers throughout the world.



By Appointment.

## NEW JUMPER in Artificial Silk Stockinette.

Useful Jumper for wear with tailor-mades, in good quality silk stockinette. Perfect shape and finish. Made in Cherry, Light Grey, Dark Grey, Putty, Rust, Gold and Tiel.

**59/6**

### Special Offer.

**DOWN QUILTS 250 only.**

Covered pretty figured Satreen, with plain Satreen panels & borders in shades of Rose, Saxe Blue, Green and Black.

Single bed size

**42/-**

Double bed size

**52/6**



*Harvey Nichols*  
*of Knightsbridge S.W.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

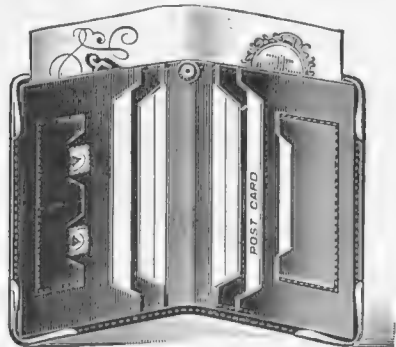




**LADY'S WRIST BAG**, made of Best Hard-Grain MOROCCO, fitted Mirror, Tablet and Purse.

Post free, **21/9**

Colours: Navy, Black, Dark Brown and Purple: **SPLENDID VALUE.**



No. 400.—**LETTER WALLET**, with full-length Pocket to carry Bank Notes. Made of Best Quality Fine SEAL LEATHER. Superior Finish.

**48/6**

With **SOLID SILVER GILT** Corners, **62/6**

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Continued.]

"That's why people are rather fighting shy of Industrials and buying foreign government bonds to mix with their Oil shares," The Broker commented.

"I'm glad to see my Brazilians moving up at last," said The Jobber. "Had 'em for years, and I began to think they would never come round again for nuts. Brazil nuts, I mean."

"Rather far-fetched, if you intend it for a joke," said The City Editor loftily. "I notice Argentines are going up too."

"Jolly difficult to buy," The Broker affirmed. "The market seems to be short of most Argentine bonds. And even Chileans are getting scarce."

"Those old German Threes I bought at 8½ aren't doing much good," The Engineer laughed. "I knew they were a gamble, of course, but—"

"What do you think of Vickers?"

"—but I didn't think German national finance was in quite such a parlous state as their Chancellor says it is. I suppose the bonds will go into my picture-gallery of Vain Regrets."

"We've all got certificates painted by the same artist," The Broker consoled him. "I often think of Kipling's bull sliding down the pole of hope on the hind-legs of despair."

"Perhaps he wrote that on some morning when he had heard of a company going into reconstruction with a five-shillings liability on his shares."

"You never can tell," as William de Morgan says. But it doesn't help us to make money nowadays. And what do you think of Vickers?"

The Engineer did not answer straight away, and The Broker took up the parable.

"I find that people," said he, "have a vague idea that they don't like the general outlook. What the general outlook is, they hardly know themselves. You do find it, though, inside the House and out."

"In our innermost gizzards," remarked The Jobber, "we don't believe the Labour trouble is over. There has been too much restlessness about for months past to make us easy in our minds that some kind of strike fever won't break out again."

"That's certainly so," The Engineer confirmed.

"And you can buy Nitrate shares as the safest gamble in the markets," put in The Merchant, with contradictory irrelevance.

"I heard that the other day from a man who knows what he is talking about," said The Jobber. "He told me I might have to wait for six months, but that a profit was certain."

"What did he want to sell?"

"I've told you before, Brokie, that cheap cynicism doesn't suit your

unique style of beauty. You look much more handsome when you are puffing Kaffirs."

"There's another market with a rise overdue. That's—"

"—that's him all over," murmured The Jobber.

"Meyer and Charlton of the big things, with short lives. Consolidated Main Reef of the good, low-priced dividend-payers. Gedulds, Kleinfontein, Wolhuter—"

"How about Paris?"

"If you're going to talk about Paris," exclaimed The Broker, "I shall take French leave."

And he did.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

The P. and O. announcement was one of the few cheering features last week, and there was a sharp rise of 50 points in the Company's Deferred stock. The dividend and bonus amounted to 15 per cent. for the year, free of tax, and a bonus in Deferred stock of 6 per cent.

Distributions such as these speak well, not only for the result of last year's trading, but also for the Directors' opinion of the future.

The big companies can undoubtedly continue to make good profits, but we repeat our advice to be very careful of some of the small, recently formed concerns.

\* \* \* \* \*

The report of a failure in the Rubber Market which appeared in a trade journal the other day made an entirely new departure in that it published a list of the alleged losses which brokers and others were supposed to have incurred. Even if accurate information is available, we should deprecate very much this kind of thing; and when, as in this case, some of the amounts are grossly exaggerated, the matter is really serious.

\* \* \* \* \*

If the ease with which the underwriting of the Westinghouse Brake Company's £350,000 Debentures is any criterion of their value, there ought to be a good demand for them when they are issued. And for William Beardmore and Co.'s 8 per cent. notes. Friday, Nov. 5, 1920.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

W. S.—(1) Six and a-half per cent.; (2) It depends entirely on the general financial situation. Eventually, we believe, the position must alter in the direction you suggest.

AMAR.—We are not in a position to publish further details in this matter, but you can take it that the information was quite correct.

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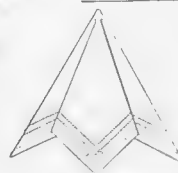
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## ON THE LINKS.

By HENRY LEACH.

Memories of  
Fifty Years.

A book hinted at the other day as being the most tranquil thing for the golfer's winter nights—that with the least tendency to make him rise up and play about with his putters—is Mr. Horace Hutchinson's "Fifty Years of Golf." It is all history and tales; and though here and there we find a little description of styles, and criticism of styles of famous players, there is, so far as I can discover, not a line of the severely practical kind—something that tells you "what you have been doing wrong" and how to do it right—in the whole book, and it is a joyful book on that account. There is no man better equipped to write such an one than the first of all amateur champions. If one is disappointed with it in some ways, it is only because "fifty years of golf," when we think of the possibilities of only a week of it in our own humble case, suggests such an infinity of thrilling experience that no pen, however skilful, could ever do such a subject justice. I wish Mr. Hutchinson had told us some more about his own emotions all the time, for the which we might, if necessary, have given him back a few facts about competitions. But this is not cavilling, for have we not just murmured that the book is a pleasure for the winter evenings?

The Age  
to Begin.

There are two things in it which have attracted me specially, and while one is at the beginning, the other is at the very end. Mr. Hutchinson started his golf in earnest, as it were, when seven years of age; and an uncle of his who acted as a sort of sponsor, being one of the true golfers of those early times, deplored the circumstance that he had then lost three years already. So he considered he should have begun at four. Even that is one year later than the children of the light begin, or used to begin, at St. Andrews. It is a good age; but I am certain of this (which is a point I would like to have seen such an one as this author discuss): the necessity of beginning very young—as a wee bairn, that is—is not the same now as it used to be. Results in human golfing production of themselves prove that. In the days of the gutty they had to start as little children in order to get that essential long swing perfect; but now no such long swinging is necessary, or even desirable, and the middle-aged men can learn to do the shorter swings quite properly and with much consistency. As to putting, one never learns it, whether one starts at four or forty-four, and so the old men are hardly worse in this respect for beginning so late. All this is not saying that it is not well to start soon after being born, if possible; but if the opportunities in this direction were lost it is not necessary to regard one's

whole life as spoilt and wasted, with the future hopeless. You may even start at forty and play for championships afterwards—which does not suggest that you will win them.

## Behind the Veil.

If such considerations as these, not dealt with by Mr. Hutchinson, are encouraging to the old beginner, those at the end of the treatise are more so when that beginner has become very much older and is nearing the end of his golfing and other tethers. Two pages from the end the author is fearing—more pessimistically, we sincerely hope, than circumstances justify—that he may never play again. But he takes the situation well; and then in his last paragraph treats upon the question that may one day be pertinent to such as think upon it—as to eternal golf. Mentioning Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle, he asks—"in all seriousness," as he says—if the strokes we play here are of a certainty the last strokes of all. He argues that if there is life after death, and the things that Lodge and Doyle say are true, the other world must be something like this one. In that case there would be golf in it. He further argues that it would not then be fancy golf on illimitable Elysian Fields with no bad lies, but real golf, with bunkers and all the rest. Here we enter upon a very difficult speculation, and Mr. Hutchinson wisely goes no farther into course architecture in the Elysian Fields. But he does raise the question of championships there, and asks specially if those who are champions now will be champions then; and if, for example, Harry Vardon here will be Harry Vardon, "golflily," there. He is of mind that it would not be quite right if this were so, since there should be compensations, and the champion here should be an eighteen-handicap man there, and the other way about. There is some self-denial in this proposition, since Mr. Hutchinson by such an arrangement would be made a "junior" with an eighteen handicap up there; but he is rather assuming that all men would like to be champions, and there, I think, he is less right than he supposes, for the fact that players are always striving, as by a human law, to become better and better does not indicate for sure that they wish to be champions, or anything like it. These Reminiscences show that the champion class have a great time, and it is enhanced by the respect in which they are held and the prestige they enjoy; but my own true conviction is that the men between three and eight handicap have the best time of all in golf; and, if I had any say in it, I would like to be put on five in the Elysian Fields. I should then sometimes beat the new champions there—the ex-eighteen men—and I should only have to give Harry Vardon ten strokes, which I think I could do if he is to be as bad in the after life as he is good in this. The idea of giving Harry Vardon ten strokes sends a sweet feeling coursing through one's present earthly physical system.

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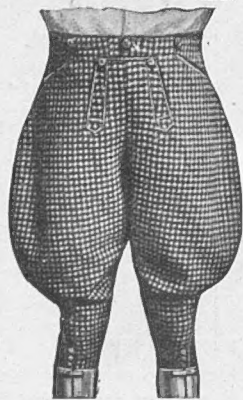
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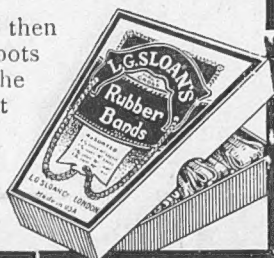
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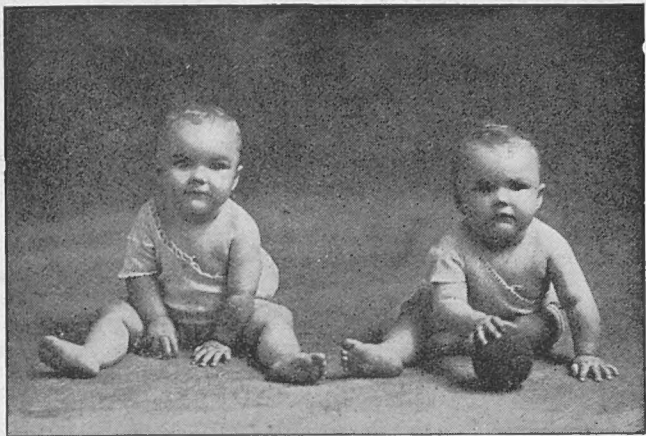
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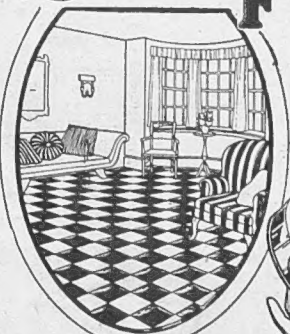
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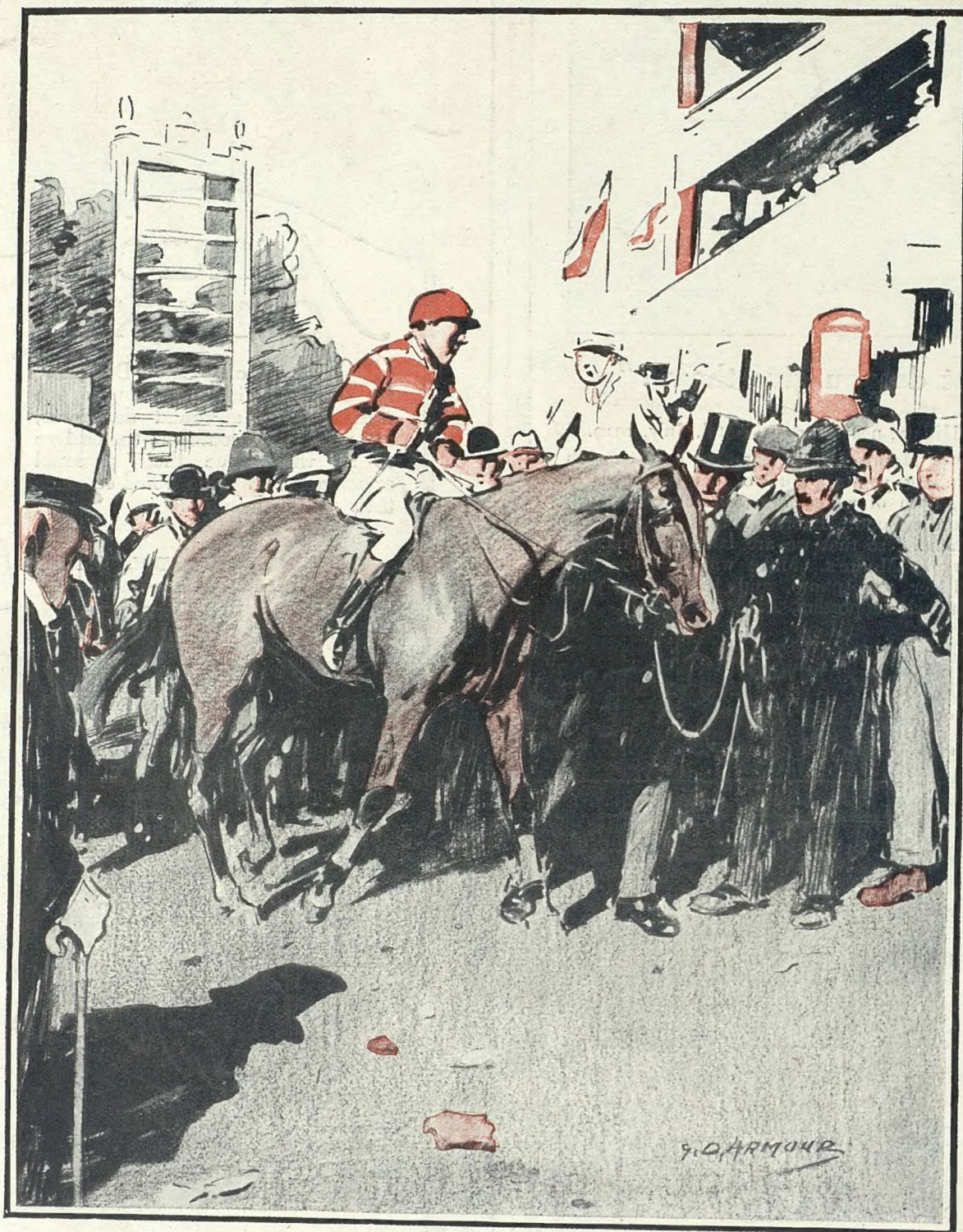
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